

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

OCTOBER, 1895.

CONTENTS.

1. THE TWO RECENT ADDRESSES ON REUNION. *By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith* 153
2. THE CATHOLIC TRUTH CONFERENCE OF 1895. *By the Editor* 173
3. TWO MODERN DOMINICANESSES. *By the Rev. Herbert Thurston* 183
4. THE BLUE BOOK ON EDUCATION. *By the Rev. W. D. Strappini* 205
5. AN APOSTLE OF NATURALISM. *By the Rev. George Tyrrell* 215
5. RECOLLECTIONS OF SCOTTISH EPISCOPALIANISM. Part the Third. *By the Rev. William Humphrey* 229
7. BEFORE, AND AFTER A FOREST FIRE. *By "A Son of the Marshes"* 244
8. CATHOLIC TENERIFE. *By C. E. Jeffery* 255
9. A MODERN ACHATES. *By T. S. Sharowood* 264

REVIEWS 290

1. Reasons for rejecting Anglican Orders. *By the Rev. Sydney Smith, S.J.*
2. St. Paul and his Missions. *By the Abbé Constant Fouard: translated with the Author's sanction and co-operation by George F. X. Griffith.*
3. The "Proses" of Adam of St. Victor.
4. Loreto, the New Nazareth. *By William Garratt, M.A.*
5. The Watches of the Passion. *By Father P. Gallwey, S.J. New edition.*
6. A Memoir of Father Dignam, of the Society of Jesus, with some of his Letters. *Revised and with a Preface by Father E. I. Purbrick, S.J.*

LITERARY RECORD 300

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The two Recent Addresses on Reunion.

It is an interesting coincidence that Cardinal Vaughan's Bristol Address and the Archbishop of Canterbury's Pastoral Letter should have been given to the world at the same time. Each is an official pronouncement on the recent Papal Letter, and the aspirations after Reunion which called it forth, and each comes to us clothed with more than ordinary authority. Cardinal Vaughan has, indeed, spoken in his own name, but he has spoken from a platform which lends a special weight to his words, and no one doubts that in expressing his own mind he has expressed also the mind of his episcopal brethren. Archbishop Benson assures us in express terms that he is speaking for his colleagues as well as for himself. "The Bishops," he says, "on a recent occasion requested the Archbishop to address you on two subjects upon which their views were practically unanimous," one of these subjects being the Reunion movement. In short, we have in these two pronouncements the official messages addressed by the English Catholic and the Anglican Hierarchy respectively to the many earnest souls who at the present time are mourning over their divisions, and are asking to have back the glorious unity for which our Lord prayed, and which a thousand years of English history saw realized.

The object of the present article is to estimate the practical lessons which can be learnt from these two authoritative pronouncements, and it must be taken as addressed specially to the class of minds just described. There are many in the country who talk much about Reunion, but whose desire for it is not very earnest, and whose readiness to work for it and to make sacrifices for it is very little indeed. Such persons cannot be expected to feel any very deep interest in the reflections of a Catholic writer on what is for them only the craze of the hour. But from those who really do care for Reunion, and believe it to be a most solemn duty to work for its accomplishment, we

may surely claim attention when we invite them to consider with us the conditions of its practicability, in the light of these two recent utterances.

The Anglican Pastoral begins by recognizing the need of Reunion in no indistinct manner. The Archbishop says: "We know that our divisions are a chief obstacle to the progress of His (our Lord's) Gospel, and we accept the many expressions of anxiety to be delivered from them as a sign among us of God's purpose at the present time." So far nothing could be better, but it is desirable to take note of what is involved in the admission. If religious divisions are a scandal and a hindrance to the progress of the Gospel, they cannot justly be regarded as the necessary outcome of healthy religious thought. A good tree does not bring forth evil fruits, nor an evil tree good fruits. We must look then to the roots, that is, to the rules of faith which are current among the different Christian communions, and be prepared to reject or accept them according as they are found to lead by direct tendency to divisions or to unity. We must consider carefully whether the divisions which the Archbishop acknowledges to be such a scandal are not the direct and necessary outcome of the principle of Private Judgment, and whether a return of the separated nations to unity can be reasonably expected except through the principle of Authority.

The Archbishop also confesses to the propriety of treating Reunion as an end for which we ought seriously to work. Here, however, a certain half-heartedness begins to reveal itself. He refers to the two Lambeth Conferences of 1878 and 1888, and to the appeal for prayers made on those occasions "in preparation for opportunities of further action." But the tone of these references contrasts strikingly with the tone of the similar appeal in the utterances of Leo XIII. and Cardinal Vaughan. The note of earnestness is wanting in the Archbishop's letter, and the passage in which he points to the prayers he has invited, reads like the deprecatory protest of one who had been called to task by the Reunionists for having done nothing to give effect to their aspirations. Probably the Archbishop feels that Reunion under the doctrinal conditions which he requires is a vain hope, and that all practical work for its attainment is unreal.

Still, however much he may disbelieve in the prospects of its success, he is aware of the present strength of the Reunion

movement, and of the consequent necessity for one in his position to pronounce over it some words of benediction and guidance. Let us see what is the character of this guidance.

On one point he is quite distinct. "The Roman communion in which Western Christendom once found unity has not proved itself capable of retaining its hold on nations which were all its own. At this moment it invites the English people into reunion with itself, in apparent unconsciousness of the position and history of the English Church. It parades before us modes of worship and rewards of worship the most repugnant to Teutonic Christendom, and to nations which have become readers of the Bible." The leadership, therefore, in the Reunion movement must not be conceded to the Pope, whose recent letter had better be set aside as having no further value than as a "happy change of tone," a somewhat tardy "manifestation of the spirit of love."

It is within the Archbishop's competence to speak for himself, and for those, whether fellow-prelates or others, who are "practically unanimous" in their agreement with his views on Reunion. If they elect to set aside the Pope's invitation to reunion with himself, we cannot deny them the power to do it. We may, however, criticize his reasons, and suggest that it may not seem so clear to all as it does to the writer of the Pastoral, that if the Papacy has lost its hold on nations which at one time were loyal to its authority, the fault lies in the Papacy, and not in the nations. Some of us may reflect that our Lord Himself was not able to retain His hold on the nation to which He primarily addressed His claims, and that schisms against the authority of His Church are actually predicted in the New Testament. We may reflect also that the Popes have at all events been able to do what the rulers of no other religious communion on earth have done, since they preserved their hold on the entire West for a thousand years, and are still able to hold together in a marvellous unity by far the larger half of those who name the name of Christ on earth.

When Archbishop Benson charges the Pope "with apparent unconsciousness of the position and history of the English (*i.e.*, the Anglican) Church," the justice of the charge may possibly have been admitted. It is extremely difficult for any one to understand the position and history of the Anglican Church. Even its own adherents can hardly be said to understand it, seeing how they differ among themselves as soon as they

undertake to expound it. Leo XIII., therefore, and his Cardinals may be pardoned if they find the subject very incomprehensible — told as they are one day by English Church Unionists and French Abbés that the creed of the Anglican Church closely resembles the Pope's own, and that, if only a few slight concessions could be made, its members would rush in large numbers into the Pope's arms; and then told the next day from "the throne of St. Augustine" that the sympathies of this self-same Church are Teutonic, and that it will have nothing to do with the Pope's Italian wares. Leo XIII., however, may claim this, that he has not sought to measure the acceptability of revealed doctrines by the subjective tastes of particular nationalities, but has spoken the language of eternal truth, in the confident assurance that, as it is a language devised by the Lord of all nationalities for the use of all nationalities, so it is likewise capable of finding acceptance with all nationalities, Teutonic as well as Latin. And indeed, the Archbishop might have reflected that there are very many even at the present day, not to speak of the pre-Reformation centuries, quite as English as himself, and quite as versed in Holy Scripture, who find no incompatibility whatever between the doctrines of the Pope's letter and their own Teutonic temperament.

The Archbishop is distinct also on another point. If it is clear to him that the Church which has had such signal successes in maintaining religious unity has not the qualifications for extending the gift to the populations now separated, it is no less clear to him that the Church which beyond all others is responsible for the scandal of religious divisions has the qualifications which the other lacks.

On the other hand, history appears to be forcing upon the Anglican communion an unsought position, an overwhelming duty from which it has hitherto shrunk. It has no need to state or apologize for this. Thinkers, not of its own fold, have boldly foreshadowed the obligation which must lie upon it towards the divided Churches of East and West. By its Apostolic Creed and Constitution, by the primitive Scriptural standards of its doctrine and ritual, by its living Catholicity and sober freedom, by its existence rooted in the past, and on the whole identified with education and with progress, by its absolute abstention from foreign political action, by its immediate and intense responsibilities for the Christianity of its own spreading and multiplying race and of its

subject races, it seems not uncertainly marked by God to bring the parted Churches of Christ to a better understanding and closer fellowship.

The reference in this passage to "thinkers not of the Anglican fold" is one with which we have been familiarized by Anglican speakers of late years, but it can hardly be deemed successful. The thinker referred to is the Comte de Maistre, and there is no doubt that he did assign to the Anglican communion a special function in the work of reuniting the dissevered portions of Christendom. But the Archbishop is quite mistaken if he imagines that the special features in the Anglican communion in which de Maistre discerned its qualifications for the noble work were those which this Pastoral claims for it. Here are de Maistre's words :

If ever Christians come together again, as everything invites them to do, apparently the impulse must take its rise from the Church of England. Presbyterianism was a French work, and by necessary consequence a work marked by exaggeration. We are too far removed from the adherents of a cult which has in it too little substance. We have no means of understanding one another. But the Anglican Church which touches us with one hand, touches with its other hand those whom we cannot touch, and although, under one aspect, it is exposed to the assaults of both parties, and presents the somewhat ridiculous spectacle of a rebel preaching obedience, it is nevertheless under another aspect very precious, and can be regarded as one of those chemical intermediaries capable of combining together elements which of themselves are incapable of combination.¹

And again elsewhere :

All points out the English as destined to give the first impulse to the great religious movement which is preparing, and which will be a sacred epoch in the annals of the human race. To enable them to arrive first at the light among those who have abjured, they have two inestimable advantages of which they are hardly conscious. By the happiest of contradictions their religious system is, amidst all others, at the same time the most manifestly false and the most manifestly near the truth. To perceive that the Anglican religion is false needs neither researches nor reasonings. It is judged by a single glance. It is as false as the sun is bright. It is sufficient merely to look at it. The Anglican Hierarchy is isolated in Christendom ; it is therefore null. There is nothing worth consideration which can be urged against this simple fact. Its episcopate is equally rejected by the Catholic Church

¹ *Considerations sur la France*, c. xi. p. 36.

and by the Protestant Church, and if it is neither Catholic nor Protestant, what is it? . . . At the same time, if in regard of its falsity, there is no system so manifestly false as the Anglican, from how many sides does it not also recommend itself to us as the nearest of all in its approach to the truth? Restrained by the hands of three terrible sovereigns who had little taste for popular exaggerations, and restrained also (it is a duty to observe it) by their superior good sense, the English were able, in the sixteenth century, to offer a remarkable degree of resistance to the torrent which swept away other nations, and to retain several Catholic elements. . . . Noble English! You were formerly the first enemies of unity. It is on you now that the honour devolves of restoring it to Europe. Error raises its head only because our two tongues are hostile to each other; if they could enter into alliance for the first of objects, nothing could resist them. All required is to seize the happy occasion which the course of politics offers you at this moment. A single act of justice, and time will look to all the rest.¹

What that single act of justice is can be sufficiently gathered from these passages, but another passage may be cited which states it still more explicitly.

The Sovereign Pontiff is the necessary, the sole and the exclusive, basis of Christendom. To him belong the promises, with him disappears unity, that is the Church. Every Church which is not Catholic is Protestant. The principle is the same always, that is to say, insurrection against the sovereign unity; all the dissentient Churches can differ among themselves only in regard to the number of rejected dogmas.²

As de Maistre's authority is so pointedly claimed in support of the Archbishop's view of the special vocation of Anglicanism, it has seemed desirable to place beyond the reach of future misconception the essential difference between de Maistre's view and Archbishop Benson's. To put it shortly, the Archbishop's idea is that his Church possesses a certain superiority over all other Churches in its hold on truth and its adherence to the precedents of the past, and that this superiority constitutes it an appropriate centre round which the other less favoured Churches, the Roman included, can gather, an appropriate type to which they may conform. De Maistre's view, on the other hand, is that by a happy inconsistency, the Anglican Church is enabled, if only she will, to restore unity to the rebel Churches of Christendom by taking the lead in an act of submission to Papal authority.

¹ *Du Pape*, pp. 374—378.

² *Ibid.* p. 343.

Manifestly the Archbishop is not entitled to shelter his idea of the vocation of his Church under the authority of de Maistre, but this does not prevent him from believing in it himself. And as he does believe in it, it was his obvious duty to indicate the conditions under which Reunion round an Anglican centre might be anticipated. This, accordingly, he attempts in the Pastoral before us, and we have now to examine his suggestions, bearing in mind that they are suggestions in propounding which the Anglican Hierarchy is "practically unanimous."

Is it too much to say that all true aspirants after Reunion will find these suggestions sadly disappointing? Some writers have pronounced them obscure and unintelligible, and so to a great extent they are. Obscurity is the necessary refuge of error. Still, their trend is sufficiently clear, and it is in a distinctly Protestant direction. It is clear enough that the kind of reunion which the Archbishop has in view is not a corporate reunion with Rome and Russia on such a doctrinal basis as would satisfy Lord Halifax and his party, but a corporate reunion with German Lutherans, French Calvinists, Scotch Presbyterians, and English Nonconformists, on such a doctrinal basis as would recognize the validity of non-Episcopal Orders, and the truth of the creed which is conventionally called Protestant. Reunionists are invited whilst they consider "the duty of continued movement towards this Divine end" of Reunion, to "mark also all forms of action likely to hinder or invalidate such movement." They are, in short, told that if they belong to Lord Halifax's party and are moving on the lines which that party assumes to represent the genuine creed of the Anglican Church, they are pursuing a course which has no place in the true religious life of their communion, a course which will frustrate, not advance, the cause of such Reunion as their prelates have in view. "Peril," the Archbishop continues, "there would be to us in any haste which would sacrifice part of our trust, and in any narrowness which would limit our vision of Christendom;" that is, there would be peril in sacrificing the traditional protest of their Church against those Catholic doctrines which High Churchmen, like ourselves, regard as of fundamental importance, and there would be peril in refusing the rights of Church status to non-Episcopal communions.

Perhaps it may be thought that this is pressing the Arch-

bishop's words too far. But what else can he have meant when he laid down as the subjects of the Pastoral, first "a certain friendly advance made from a foreign Church to the people of England without reference to the Church of England," and secondly, "the recent appearance within our Church of certain foreign usages and forms of devotion"? What else can he have meant save to condemn the very substance of the High Church creed when he penned such a sentence as this: "Owing to the attractiveness of appearances (rather than of realities) some things have been introduced among us which find no true place in the religious life of the English Church. Evidence of this appears in the introduction of manuals for teaching, and of observances which do not even halt at mediævalism, but merely reproduce modern Roman innovations in ritual and doctrine." And what else can he have meant save to assert the validity of non-Episcopal Orders when he said: "The aspiration after unity, if it is to be intelligent, is a vast one. It must take account of Eastern Churches, of *non-Episcopal Reformed Churches* and bodies, on the Continent, at home," &c.? And what else can he have meant save to give a further assurance of the distinctly Protestant trend of his counsels when he set down as the first among "the immediate duties of Churchmen," "to preserve in purity and in loyalty the faith and practice which characterized our primitive Catholic and Scriptural Reformation"?

This certainly is the sense in which the Pastoral Letter has been construed by the Low Church journals. The *Rock*,¹ after inferring, as we have inferred, from the text of the Pastoral that "it is virtually an Episcopal manifesto, endorsed by the whole bench," and that it is "this circumstance that gives the Pastoral its chief value and significance," claims it as evidence that the Ritualistic nightmare is nearly spent:

The publication of the Pastoral Letter of the Archbishop of Canterbury is a noteworthy event. We regard it as one more sign, and a very remarkable sign, that England is surely, though slowly, awakening to the danger which threatens her liberty and her welfare; and that Churchmen are beginning fully to realize that the purity, the influence for good, and the spirituality of their Church, are imperilled by an organized attempt to lead her back to the errors and superstitions which she cast off at the great Reformation. . . . If our Bishops mean

¹ September 13, 1895.

what they say, and are not mocking us with empty words, we may now encourage the hope that the worst is over—that falsehood and disloyalty will be checked, and truth and loyalty once more prevail.

The *Rock* goes on to assume that by “foreign usages and forms of devotion” the Archbishop means, not the occasional extravagances of a few individuals, but Ritualistic practices generally. The *Record*, understanding the phrases used in exactly the same manner, gives some very pertinent illustrations. Among these illustrations we do no doubt meet with some which the mass of High Churchmen would say they themselves rejected, but the majority refer to the distinctive doctrines of their party, to the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, the Mass, and the confessional, as the following quotations show.

In view of the reference in the Archbishop of Canterbury’s Pastoral to the “introduction of manuals for teaching, and of observances which do not even halt at mediævalism, but merely reproduce modern Roman innovations in ritual and doctrine” we venture to reprint some extracts from an article on “Popular Ritualistic teaching,” which appeared in the *Record* last year. . . .

I have a large number of these books in my possession. . . . Many of the most extreme are written specially for children, and have a large circulation. For instance, *Simple Lessons*, edited by Canon Carter, which has already reached a fifth edition, teaches that there are seven sacraments, strongly enjoins confession to a priest, and teaches a literal presence of Christ on the “altar.”—“So you see what the priest is to do with all the bread and wine that is to become the Body and Blood of Christ; he is to lay his hand on all of it, and by the power of Almighty God the Blessed Sacrament is complete. In some wonderful way the Body and Blood of Christ are there while yet still there remain the bread and wine.” In *A Little Catechism for Little Catholics*, the following questions among many others of a like kind occur—“How many sacraments are there? There are Seven Sacraments: Holy Baptism, Penance, Confirmation, Holy Eucharist, Holy Order, Holy Matrimony, and Extreme Unction. What is Penance? Penance is a Sacrament whereby the sins committed after Baptism are forgiven.” The same *Catechism* also contains, in addition to a great deal of similar poetry, the following verses:

Once each month to my Confession
And to my Communion go.
At Confession I will always
Tell out every sin I know.

.

The Church has seven sacraments
 As we must all believe :
 These means of grace we all must seek
 To know and to receive.

Baptism washes out the sin
 Which Adam did commit.
 The sins which we ourselves have done
 True penance will remit.

The Holy Eucharist is the true
 Body and Blood divine
 Of Jesus Christ, both God and Man
 In form of Bread and Wine.

This contributor to the *Rock* quotes, with like expressions of disapproval, passages to the same effect from *Children at the Altar*, *Hosanna*, a *Mass Book*, and *A Book for the Children of God*, and the *English Catholic's Vade Mecum*. Then follows a paragraph which is very noticeable.

Perhaps the most successful of recent productions of the kind, and one whose almost impudent assertion of doctrines rejected by the Church to which its author belongs has done much to call attention to the tenets of his party, is *The Catholic Religion*, by Mr. Vernon Staley. This book has run through four editions, and has probably attained a circulation not far short of sixty thousand. It contains some 390 pages devoted to "history" and the entire range of "Church doctrine," and it is significant that, unlike many books containing similar teaching, *The Catholic Religion* openly laments the imperfections of the Prayer Book, and endeavours to supplement them. Especially does Mr. Staley mourn the loss of Extreme Unction, a loss, however, which he proceeds to repair by re-introducing the ceremony. It is hardly necessary to give quotations from the book ; it maintains, in common with those quoted above, Auricular Confession, the existence of Seven Sacraments, Prayer for the Dead, borrowing from Pusey the distinction between this and the "Masses for the Dead" condemned by Article xxx., the corporal presence of Christ in the Eucharist, and their train of attendant errors.

These quotations show what the Low Church party understand the Pastoral to have in mind when it speaks of "foreign usages and forms of devotion" "which find no true place in the religious life of the English Church," and involve disloyalty to the "faith and practice which characterized our primitive, Catholic, and Scriptural Reformation." The quotations also prove that the Low Churchmen have solid grounds for their interpretation. High Churchmen may indeed endeavour to

explain the Pastoral differently, and with the *Church Times*¹ see in it a reference only to "some of the devotions to our Lady that we are familiar with in Roman worship, the cult of the Sacred Heart, of St. Joseph, of the Holy Family, of the Holy Face, and perhaps, too, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament," and "Invocation of Saints" as "though in a much less degree, and that because it is in some form a Catholic practice, liable, in unskilful hands, to lead to what is not primitive or Catholic." But neither the *Church Times* nor the *Guardian* find this theory of the Archbishop's meaning altogether satisfactory. The *Church Times* cannot help observing that "the number of those who are tempted to step over the border-line of what is Catholic into what is merely mediæval, or purely modern, is not very large;" "indeed," it adds, "it is questionable whether it is large enough to call for the solemn condemnation of a Pastoral published *urbi et orbi*." And the *Guardian*,² after remarking that warnings of so comprehensive a type, are not likely to serve any useful purpose, and that persons guilty of introducing foreign usages and forms of devotion—such usages and forms, that is, as the *Guardian* would consider foreign and undesirable—will probably not take the admonition as addressed to themselves, adds regretfully :

Unfortunately admonitions which miss those for whom they are intended, sometimes hit those for whom they are not intended. An illustration of what we are afraid of may be gathered from the comment the *Record* makes on this part of the Pastoral: "The manuals"—which manuals our contemporary does not particularize, so the term may apply equally to those put out by Dr. Pusey forty years ago, as to any of "recent appearance"—"should be put aside without a moment's delay."

Both the *Guardian* and the *Church Times* also notice how the Archbishop's personal administration of his diocese supports the views of the *Record* rather than theirs. "It is commonly reported," says the *Church Times*, "that the use of incense, Scriptural and universal as it is, has been stamped out in the diocese of Canterbury," and it asks, "Has equal vigour been shown in proscribing what is neither ancient nor Catholic, the practice of evening Communion?" It might also have been remembered that in his Lincoln judgment, although Archbishop Benson allowed the continuance of certain practices and forms

¹ *Church Times*, September 13th.

² *Guardian*, September 11th.

of devotion usually associated with the doctrines of the Real Presence and the Eucharistic Sacrifice, he allowed them only on the ground that they did not necessarily imply and express belief in those Catholic doctrines.

And then there is the other paragraph in the Pastoral, protesting that the vision of a reunited Christendom must not be so limited as to exclude non-Episcopal Reformed Churches and bodies. This conception of the Reunion to be striven after is found by the *Guardian* and the *Church Times* a very hard nut to crack, for it harmonizes readily with the *Record's* and the *Röck's* view of what are meant by "the foreign practices and forms of devotion." The Archbishop cannot mean merely that the Reunion which is desirable will not completely satisfy expectations until it embraces along with the rest those large numbers who at present are members of non-Episcopalian bodies. If this was all meant, there was no need to stipulate for its recognition. Even the Pope recognizes it very willingly and is prepared to work for it. This, in fact, was the main reason why he addressed himself, not to the Anglican prelates only, but to all Englishmen who seek the truth in the bond of unity. Evidently what the Archbishop means is that the ecclesiastical status, and consequently the Orders, of non-Episcopalian Churches and bodies, must be recognized as valid, and their continuance allowed for within the borders of the Reunited Church. This view is current among Nonconformists universally, but also in many Anglican circles. In fact, it has found expression from another dignity of the Established Church almost simultaneously with the appearance of the Pastoral. At Grindelwald, Archdeacon Wilson, the Archdeacon of Manchester, said :

We hold, and no one, I suppose, denies, that the object of our Orders is "that no man might presume to exercise any office of the Church unless he is lawfully called." But it is an exaggeration of our fundamental principle to declare that it is a matter of primary and everlasting importance that ordination must be episcopal. What is necessary is that it should be lawful, regular, secure, at the hands of persons themselves properly called, and not lawless, irregular, precarious, at the hands of possibly factious and presuming nobodies. It would sacrifice no essential principle in our Church, if, while we continue Episcopal government and order as possessing the sanction of the ages, we should recognize as valid those Presbyterian, Methodist, and, it may be, other Orders which have been conferred since their

origin by those Presbyters who were themselves lawfully called. The Bishop is not the essence: historical continuity is. . . . In my judgment the difficulty is not the sacerdotalism of the Church of England when rightly understood, but a limitation of it to Episcopalianism, which is really contrary to the very principle of sacerdotalism. I am speaking of the difficulties in the way of reunion between our Church and the Nonconformist Churches of England, and the way of getting rid of these difficulties. One thing that we must do—and let no one think it a light thing, or that it can be effected without a great increase of knowledge, and love, and openness of mind, and a very great effort—is for our Church to recognize unreservedly the Orders of those Churches which are historically derived from the ancient and Catholic Church, whether by Episcopalian or by Presbyterian ordination. Let this matter be understood, and then it will make way. It is the recognition of the fact that the grace of God is given to those Churches, and that without the abandonment of any principle. This is what we have to give and do for the cause of unity.¹

We may also cite as confirmatory evidence that Archbishop Benson takes the view which Archdeacon Wilson thus draws out, the distinction which the Archbishop draws between non-Episcopalian Churches and non-Episcopalian bodies. The *Guardian* finds the distinction unintelligible, but it is a distinction in accordance with the Anglican Articles and fully recognized by the early English divines.² A Church according to these divines, is a religious communion whose ministers have received their appointment from public authority, a religious body is a communion which can claim for itself no such sanction. The name of Church they accorded to the Kirk of Scotland, and the Protestant communities abroad; but they denied it to Nonconformists at home on the ground that their status was one of rebellion against the public authority of the English Church and State.

Although, for the reasons given, we invite our readers to recognize in the Canterbury Pastoral a solemn declaration that rank Protestantism, not Ritualism, is the authorized creed of the Established Church, we can quite understand how this may be denied on the ground that the Archbishop professes to speak in the name of all his episcopal brethren, and that to some, at least, of them, such a position is known to be distasteful. We will acknowledge, also, that there is a real

¹ *Record*, September 13th.

² See *THE MONTH* for April, 1894, in an article on "Early English Divines on Episcopacy."

difficulty in harmonizing the Archbishop's words with the known opinions of the Bishop of Lincoln. Still these are the Archbishop's words, and it has been shown how distinctly they point in a Protestant direction. Besides which, if we try to affix upon the Pastoral any sense short of this, it is only at the cost of the writer's reputation. What could be more senseless than for a prelate of the Archbishop's standing, to announce to the world that a grave injury was being done to his Church by the introduction of foreign practices and forms of devotion, and by the limitation of the vision of Reunion to Episcopal bodies, and then in condemning the evils to express himself in terms so ambiguous that it is quite impossible to determine what they are and who are guilty of them.

We may leave, however, this knotty point undetermined, for the purpose of the present article is merely to discover the practical lessons which Reunionists should learn from the two official addresses now in their hands. The conclusion to which we invite all who have a genuine aspiration after Reunion or Catholic principles, is that Corporate Reunion between England and Rome is shown by the Archbishop's Address to be altogether visionary. And here we pass in due course from the Anglican Pastoral to the Bristol Address, for Cardinal Vaughan himself claims the Archbishop's Pastoral as demonstrating the hopelessness of Corporate Reunion.

After a careful perusal of his [Dr. Benson's] words [the Cardinal says], I would invite all Anglican aspirants after Reunion to say in face of this authoritative pronouncement, whether they now see any prospect of Corporate Reunion as the way of determining their divisions. Has not this timely and suggestive document made it absolutely clear that there can be no hope for the Reunion of Christendom, save, as I have said, by individual submissions to the See of Peter?

The full force of this demand will be appreciated after studying the luminous account which the Cardinal had previously given of the conditions under which alone Corporate Reunion could be feasible. "Grace adapts itself to nature," was the sound principle that he laid down, observing at the same time that the grace of Corporate Reunion would be most unlikely to find acceptance with a race like ours. Corporate Reunion involves a readiness in the flock to entrust the settlement of conditions to the rulers whose authority it acknowledges. Thus armed, the prelates or representatives of a schismatic

Church may approach the Holy See and state their wishes, confident that whatever settlement they can obtain from the Pope will be at once generally accepted by those on whose behalf they speak. In patriarchal communities such a procedure is conceivable and natural. But who can think it natural or conceivable in the English race? The Cardinal says appropriately of those who are looking forward to Corporate Reunion between England and Rome :

I should like to know whether there be a single parish in the United kingdom at the present time that would follow its clergyman to submit, I do not say to Rome, but to any other definite authority to which the clergyman might feel personally drawn to transfer his allegiance.

Most certainly (and this is what the Cardinal means by claiming the Canterbury Pastoral as a confirmation of his view) those Anglicans who through Lord Halifax recently approached the Holy See would be the last to accept a man of Dr. Benson's views, the views expressed in his Pastoral, as a fitting representative of their own. Dr. Benson is probably the most favourably inclined Archbishop of Canterbury the Ritualists have ever had, and there is surely no likelihood that the course of events will ever bring into existence a body of prelates unanimous in accepting the creed, let us say, of Canon Carter of Clewer. In short, to take the most favourable view, even if the Pope were prepared to make the concessions which Lord Halifax would desire, is it conceivable that, within less than a hundred years, the Anglican prelates would be prepared to accept his lordship's platform and so initiate Corporate Reunion? Is it not better, then, to dismiss the notion of Corporate Reunion as altogether impracticable, and to consider seriously the practicability of a personal reconciliation with the Roman Church?

On this point the Cardinal has much to say, and all who have Reunion at heart should consider themselves bound to read his Address. An Anglican clergyman present at the Bristol Conference described it as very helpful, and this is a true description. It is thoroughly sympathetic in its tone, and full of straightforward and luminous exposition. Unlike the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Vaughan will allow no ambiguities of expression to excite unjustifiable expectations.

I can conceive no good purpose [he says] which could be served by ambiguity in this matter, or by allowing people to entertain false

notions on so vital a subject. I feel that in my position I might not unjustly be blamed were I to leave non-Catholics and Anglicans under any impression which might give rise to hopes, which we know are not only never likely to be satisfied, but which we can say with absolute certainty never will be.

The principal points which the Cardinal endeavours to make clear are these two, that the Catholic Church can accept no compromises in matters of doctrine, and that she can recognize no other way to Reunion save by submission to the See of Peter. On the question of compromise, he says :

Our position is simply this, that the Church has not a free hand to deal with the truths of revelation and religion. She is constituted simply as the guardian and the teacher of these truths ; she has no power to surrender or to compromise any one of them. She is conscious of the assistance of the Holy Ghost and of Christ, when she defines and promulgates the verities of the faith. And, therefore, there can be no possible compromise or explaining away of matters she has once authoritatively defined.

And it may be added that, even if the Catholic Church could be left out of account, as some have proposed to do, and an effort made to establish Reunion only among the non-Catholic communities themselves, compromise would never lead to any important results. It has not in the past, although many attempts have been made, and it will not in the future. The Archbishop of Canterbury gives us the reason, for he speaks truly, though without apparently perceiving the significance of his words, when he says : " Union, solid and permanent, can be based only on the common acknowledgment of truth." Of such a common acknowledgment of truth, doctrinal compromises are the direct negative.

On the Roman claims, the Cardinal says :

It is best to be perfectly frank and definite. The kernel of the question of the Reunion of Christendom consists in the admission of the Roman claim, that the Pope has received by Divine right authority to teach and govern the whole Church, as defined, for instance, in the Councils of Florence, Trent, and the Vatican, and as set forth by Thomas Arundell, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the formulary drawn up as a test of Catholic doctrine in 1413, and approved by the Convocation of Canterbury. All this may be briefly summed up in the famous maxim of St. Ambrose, *Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia*.

The Archbishop of Canterbury says of Reunion on such principles :

It would not only be our farewell to all other Christian races and all other Churches, but we are to begin by forgetting our own Church, by setting aside truth regained through severe sacrifice, cherished as our very life, and believed by us to be the necessary foundation of all union.

There would be no setting aside of truth really such, any more than there would be renunciation of past spiritual experience really such. But undoubtedly a complete renunciation of Anglicanism would be required. Reunion is obtainable only by joining the one communion which for nineteen centuries has been characterized by its unity, and forsaking the communions which during the comparatively short periods of their existence have proved themselves to be fruitful sources of division ; by gathering round the one standard set up by Jesus Christ, and abandoning the rival standards set up by rebel man ; by submitting to the only Divine Teacher whom God has clothed with authority on earth, and renouncing the multitudinous other teachers whom God has not sent.

The only practical question then for Anglican Reunionists is whether they are prepared to renounce the Anglican communion and pass over by an act of personal submission to the Holy Catholic Church. Let those whose desire for Reunion is only feeble say that this is impossible. But those who do feel strongly that divisions are a scandal and cannot have been intended by our Lord, should surely take into serious consideration the claims of the See of Peter. No one invites them to submit at once, before they have become convinced of the duty. But, sustaining themselves with earnest prayer for light, they may begin at once to inquire, and to make the inquiry serious and solid. They may give up the senseless custom of avoiding Catholic books and Catholic priests, and of seeking information on Catholic beliefs only from those who are biassed or ignorant witnesses. They may begin to read and to listen with the object of understanding, not of carping, and they may make a resolute endeavour to break down some of those barriers which Cardinal Vaughan has so truly indicated as standing between souls and their submission to the Catholic Church—the barrier of ignorance and prejudice, the barrier of

indolence and indifference, the barrier of sensuality and darkness, above all, the barrier of pride.

Our national pride and independence in matters of religions, which no blundering, no amount of discussion seems able to cure; our boast that no man shall stand between us and our Maker; that no Pope, however much he may represent Christ, shall have any jurisdiction in this realm of England, indicate the nature of the national barrier that has been erected against the humility and the obedience due to a Church that teaches and governs *jure divino*.

It is by these means that the many thousands who by individual conversion pass over each year into the ranks of Catholic unity, have worked their way to conviction, and if Reunion on a large scale is ever to be realized, by these means alone will the happy consummation be attained.

But will Reunion on a large scale ever be realized? will England ever be Catholic again? We cannot of course tell, and forecasts, both favourable and unfavourable, are made by discerning prophets. But it is sweeter to hope for the best, and there are many indications which go to show how powerfully God's Spirit is working among the English people, and impelling them towards the Catholic Church. The Cardinal voices the feeling of many in the following beautiful passage:

"So far from despairing of the eventual conversion of England to the Apostolic See, I look forward to it in God's good time and as a result of His love and mercy. I do not expect it to come about at once, or by an act of Corporate Reunion; but I expect it to be the result of the method which God has hitherto steadily followed, with signal blessing to souls and to the Church, namely, that of direct action by the Holy Ghost upon individuals, calling them severally and separately, often without any merit on their part, by an act of inscrutable predestination. These conversions are at times unforeseen and surprising—one man in the field is taken and the other left, of two women grinding at the mill, the one is taken and the other left. Sometimes conversions are sudden like that of Saul; sometimes like that of Augustine, slow and painful—perfected by the patient action of grace and the free co-operation of the human will. In this way the conquest of each soul by God is like the conquest of a kingdom. In spite of sins and frailties the Lord treats it with reverence and respect. He deals with it as with a king, with whom He would enter into alliance, being prepared to make him a joint-heir with Christ to the Kingdom of His glory. The soul with its marvellous capacities arising out of its direct intercourse and relations with God, cannot shuffle off its responsibilities

on society, it cannot put off His present summons for some uncertain prospect of Corporate Reunion. God's call to that individual soul is a crisis of salvation. Its gifts, its powers, its generosity, its humility, its trust in God, its readiness to carry the Cross, and perhaps with Christ to be nailed to the Cross—all these great virtues are brought forth and perfected, to the unspeakable glory of God and to the edification of the Church, under this system of separate conversion which God has actually pursued during the last three hundred years. We have every reason to be thankful. Year by year, in spite of the bad example given by Catholics not living up to the precepts of their religion, several thousands of the English people are received into the Catholic Church. They come to us from all classes of society, separately and alone, led on by grace speaking to the heart of each. Let the claims of the Church become better known, let God pour out His light and His grace more abundantly upon the nation, and the annual thousands may become multiplied a hundred-fold, and then in a short time the process of Reunion, by separate conversions, will count up by the adhesion of millions.

And again in this passage :

While we perceive and touch with our hands the barriers set up by ignorance, worldly power, pride of wealth, and human passions against the Church, while we watch society gradually separating into two camps, that of rationalism and that of Divine Faith, our soul is filled with hope for the future, as the design of God continuously and slowly unfolds. We rejoice in the revival of religious feeling, in the renewed search after truth, in the piety and devotion which lead to self-denial and to a personal love of our Lord Jesus Christ. We rejoice in the general recourse by men of good-will to the power of prayer. Nonconformists and Anglican prelates, of their own accord, have invited their followers to public prayer for Reunion. We have only to view the existing movements in England—not merely in the Anglican, but in every religious body—to be convinced that the Spirit of God is moving over the waters.

There is evidently something being prepared for our England in the secrets of Divine Providence. Our eyes are not keen enough to penetrate into these secrets, and in such a case we must fall back upon the simple and elementary teachings of our holy religion. I cannot influence those outside the Church in this matter, but my position imposes on me the duty to point out to every Catholic in the kingdom the obligation which lies on him individually to pray, as an act of faith, as an act of hope, as an act of charity, that God may hasten the time of His visitation and manifest more abundantly His mercy. In consulting my own mind and heart, I feel that there are no words sufficiently urgent by which I can impress upon you—upon you who now hear my voice, and upon those who elsewhere may read my words—the necessity

for public and private prayer. Priests and people, families and individuals, children in their schools, the aged and the infirm, the sick and the dying, all may, and all should, unite in this apostolate of prayer for Reunion.

Our Holy Father has addressed a letter to the English people summoning to prayer all who desire salvation in the unity of faith. His letter has been criticized, because it has argued out no point of difference, made no concession, carried the question of Reunion no step further. The critics do not perceive that the Vicar has spoken like Christ Himself in the Sermon on the Mount, and that when he has bid us persevere in prayer, nothing wavering, he has taken the first great step—the step that must be fruitful in results—towards the Reunion of England with the Apostolic See.

S. F. S.

The Catholic Truth Conference of 1895.

THE extraordinary development of the Catholic Truth Society is a fact as instructive as it is remarkable. Commencing scarcely eleven years ago,¹ in the humblest manner possible, and limiting its aims at first to the diffusion of Catholic literature, which while cheap should also be thoroughly sound as to matter and opportune in character, it has not only fulfilled this original object, on a scale which could scarcely have been even imagined at the outset, but has extended, and is still extending, its influence in other spheres with which it might have well appeared that it could have nothing to do.

As to the success which has attended its strictly proper work, the "Apostolate of the Press," it is enough to say that the Society has issued at least six million copies of its various publications, that it has not only reproduced various standard works which had gone out of print, and placed them within the reach of all, but has called into existence a new Catholic literature, from the pens of able and accomplished writers whom it has enlisted in the cause, affording an abundant supply of devotional, biographical, and historical reading, and in particular exposing, as they appear, the misrepresentations, fallacies, and calumnies, which from time to time seek to perpetuate and fortify the great senseless Protestant tradition, which is still the greatest obstacle to shut out the light of truth from the minds of the English people. How successful it has been in doing this, is sufficiently evidenced by the fact that the *Protestant Observer* speaks of the "notorious" Catholic Truth Society, and that the Protestant Alliance has thought it well to publish a tract entitled, *The Catholic Truth Society Exposed*.

It is not, however, of this that we have now to speak, but of one of the developments which, in a totally different direction, have carried the work of the Society into fields altogether new,

¹ The Catholic Truth Society was definitely established on the 5th of November, 1884.

namely, its Annual Conferences, which may now claim to have taken rank as the most important and representative demonstrations of Catholics in this country.

The first attempt in this direction was made in 1888, in London, and though the success attending the endeavour was by no means conspicuous, the experiment was repeated in the following year at Manchester with far more successful results. In 1890, Birmingham was visited; in 1891, a return was made to the metropolis; in 1892, a very successful gathering was held at Liverpool; in 1893, Portsmouth was the scene of operations, and in 1894, Preston, where a conspicuous triumph was scored.

Such was the record when those responsible for the direction of affairs had to decide upon the programme for the present year, but before we proceed to discuss its details, it will be well to summarize the lessons which the experience of seven previous years had taught.

It has in the first place become evident that although the every-day work of the Society must be conducted in London, that city affords the least favourable theatre for a gathering of this kind. As Cardinal Newman long ago pointed out, the capital has, on account of its enormous growth, long ceased to form a community, and resolved itself into an agglomeration of atoms. "No one," he says,¹ "is known in London; it is the realm of the incognito and the anonymous; it is not a place, it is a region or a state. There is no such thing as local opinion in the metropolis; mutual personal knowledge there is none; neighbourhood, good fame, bad repute, there is none; no house knows the next door. You cannot make an impression on such an ocean of units; it has no disposition, no connection of parts." What the Cardinal thus sets down of the community in general is in its measure true of the body of Catholic Londoners in particular. From the mere force of circumstances they too are in great measure disintegrated; there are Catholics of various missions, parishes, or churches, but in no real sense do the Catholics of London as a corporate body exist. It is, however, on corporate bodies, with an *esprit de corps* of their own, and a sense of fellowship among their members, that the success of a Conference chiefly depends, and this element of success, as has been abundantly proved, though it cannot be secured in London, is abundantly supplied

¹ *Present Position of Catholics*, Lecture ix.

in the great cities and towns of the provinces. As the Cardinal goes on to say, taking his example from the great town with which for so many years he was personally connected: "Birmingham can act on me, but I can act on Birmingham. Birmingham can look on me, and I can look on Birmingham;" and in precisely the same way, the Catholic Truth Conference can see and be seen in a provincial centre, and thus make itself felt, not there only, but throughout the land, and moreover, fulfil the valuable function of introducing to one another Catholic communities which lie apart, and which might easily remain to many of their brethren in the faith little more than geographical expressions. It has been said that the great benefit of travel is to teach us how many good people there are in the world, of whom we know nothing; and similarly, not a few must already, through the instrumentality of these gatherings, have established relations of esteem and attachment with those who had been hitherto practically unknown.

Another most important result has followed, which could not have been foreseen, and has in fact but quite recently become apparent. The local enthusiasm of the Catholic body which is called upon to receive the visit of the Conference, together with the zeal and energy of the committees which organize its reception, affords to the chief pastor of the Church in England an opportunity of addressing to his countrymen, with singular effect, such utterances as he may from time to time desire to communicate. Nothing is more remarkable than the effect produced by the Address of the Cardinal Archbishop last year at Preston, unless it be that which promises to follow from his latest pronouncement, at Bristol.

The meeting of 1894 having been held in the north, that of the present year, according to what may now be considered an established usage, had to be fixed for the south, and on the invitation of the Bishop of Clifton, a constant and staunch friend of the Catholic Truth Society, Bristol was selected for the purpose. There were those who inclined to a doubt as to the possibility of holding a really successful meeting elsewhere than in Lancashire, where are always to be found large and enthusiastic Catholic populations, accustomed to bestir themselves for Catholic objects. Happily such doubts, far from being justified, have been dispelled, and one more proof has been added of the firm footing which the annual Conference has gained in the esteem of English Catholics. To institute

comparisons is a task not only proverbially odious, but in such an instance impracticable. Mr. Ruskin has observed that people are always inclined to declare the most recent thunder-storm to have been the most terrible within their experience, for they compare their vivid impressions of it with the faded memory of others. Similarly there is always an inclination to pronounce a successful Conference, to be the most successful on record; but at least the fact of such a verdict being heard, may be taken to show that the recent Conference was eminently successful. Nothing could indeed have been more complete and perfect than the arrangements made by the local committee, who gave the supreme proof of efficiency by effacing themselves during the actual proceedings, so that outsiders could with difficulty discover who they were. The great meeting in the Colston Hall, on the evening of Monday, September 9th, with which the Conference began, may well compare with any other which has been got together on such occasions. Of the great Address then delivered by His Eminence, Cardinal Vaughan, nothing can here be said, its importance demanding the fuller treatment of a separate article.

Next morning the proper work of the Conference was begun in the Victoria Rooms, under conditions perhaps more favourable than on any former occasion. The room selected was in every way admirably suited for the purpose, for on the one hand it accommodated comfortably the considerable and appreciative audience which from first to last attended, and on the other hand it was not too large for those who read papers or took part in the ensuing discussions.

A word must here be said in regard of a point sometimes raised in connection with such proceedings. Of what practical use, it is asked, is all the talk which a Conference produces? Papers are read, suggesting, in a purely academic fashion, various ideas and schemes, after which a number of speakers similarly air their various views, and there the matter ends; nothing is done, and little more is heard of anything then proposed. It must, however, be borne in mind that a Conference has no power to legislate. It can enact nothing. All that it can do is to excite interest in subjects with which Catholics should concern themselves, and bring various minds to bear upon them, in the hope of eliciting suggestions of practical value. That this is a work worth doing few will deny, and that it is being done will appear sufficiently clear to those who have

noted the steady improvement which has marked the character of the discussions. Never were these more satisfactory and practical than at the recent meeting.

But it must be remembered in addition that there are practical results to show, and of no mean importance, as the outcome of these Conferences. Foremost amongst them stands the Seamen's Branch of the Catholic Truth Society, established in 1891, the initiation and growth of which may be directly traced to this source. The Catholic Art Society is another offshoot which made its first public appearance at Preston in 1894.

As has been insinuated, the papers read at the Bristol Conferences, as well as the discussions to which they gave rise, were of an eminently practical and suggestive character. The forenoon session on the first day, Tuesday, September 10th, was occupied with the question as to how the directions contained in the Pope's letter to the English people, may best be carried out, and a knowledge of Catholic truth imparted. Three papers were read; the first, by Father Sydney Smith, S.J., dealing with lectures; the second, by Mr. F. W. Lewis, of Cardiff, with tracts; and the third, by Father Luke Rivington, with the press. The main drift of all three was the same, it being agreed that exposition of Catholic doctrine, rather than controversy, should form the staple ware of speakers and writers alike, and that such exposition, if lucid and accurate, is sure of respectful attention from a large body of Englishmen, and will certainly do much good. It was likewise strongly urged, especially by Father Smith and Father Rivington, that when it is necessary to attack the position of an adversary, this should always be done not only with perfect fairness, but with scrupulous courtesy and temper, nothing being so fatal to the object in view as any appearance of rudeness or passion. It must, however, be remarked, that so long as writers are found to perpetuate gross and ignorant calumnies against the Church, and to fan the embers of the iniquitous Protestant tradition, it will be a duty of the Catholic apologist to speak plainly, and pitilessly to expose the offenders.

In the discussion which followed, it was strenuously urged that the Catholic Truth Society should pay more attention than it has hitherto done, to the wants of Nonconformists, almost all its literature dealing with the difficulties of Anglicans. While, however, this was acknowledged to be the case, it was

pleaded on the other hand, that the utter vagueness, and purely negative character, of the Nonconformist position, make it well-nigh impossible to find in it topics for discussion.

A notable feature of the morning's proceedings was the appearance for the first time in a Catholic Truth meeting of an Anglican clergyman. This was the Rev. J. H. Boudier, of Clutton rectory, who, in an interesting speech, bore witness to the value of the Society's publications, which were "tremendously helpful" in dissipating prejudices and false ideas. The Cardinal's Address of the previous evening he likewise found similarly helpful and to the point. The speaker was attentively heard, and frequently applauded, but it must be confessed that the feeling uppermost in the minds of his audience was of mournful wonder that one so earnest, and evidently sincere, should be content to remain in a position affording no solid ground on which to rest.

The afternoon session was devoted to the subject of Catholic education, primary and secondary; the former being treated in two papers, by Mr. A. J. King and Father Martin, S.J., and the latter in one, by Mr. Costelloe. Mr. King's paper, "Our Catholic Schools and what we want for them," was a most valuable contribution to the vital question now so prominently before the public, and was characterized alike by its mastery of the details of the subject, and by a tone of sobriety and common sense not always found in such discussions. Father Martin, dealing with the disadvantages under which our Voluntary Schools labour, had little difficulty in showing how hopeless, under existing conditions, is their struggle to compete with the richly subsidized Board Schools.

Mr. Costelloe's paper on Secondary Education, which in his absence was read by Mr. Britten, though it elicited considerable discussion, can scarcely be said to have produced any very tangible result, being chiefly destructive and devoted to implied criticism of the present condition of Catholic schools and colleges in regard of education, both religious and secular. That there are serious shortcomings in these respects, few, probably, would deny, and all circumstances considered, their existence is not surprising. At the same time it may well be doubted whether they are so general or so serious as it is the fashion to assume, and, in the absence of any definite suggestions for improvement, the discussion of the question can scarcely fail to be merely academic.

On the evening of this day, the Bishop of Clifton held a

reception in the Victoria Rooms, which brought together a large and representative assembly. It may here be remarked that in addition to members and officials of the Catholic Truth Society, who had gathered from all parts of England, Scotland and Ireland had each a representative at the Conference.

On Wednesday, September 11th, proceedings commenced with a paper, one of the most interesting of those read at the Conference, by Father Gasquet, O.S.B., entitled "A Metropolitan Cathedral a national work." As His Eminence well observed, by his lucid exposition of the important function which belongs to a cathedral in a diocese, and to a metropolitan cathedral in a province, as well as by his learned sketch of the manner in which all took their part in erecting the noble cathedrals of the middle ages, Father Gasquet raised the question to a higher plane than it has hitherto occupied in the minds of most people. His Eminence added some interesting particulars concerning the architecture and dimensions of the great work now definitely commenced at Westminster, with which his own name must ever be indissolubly linked.

Mr. Britten followed with a paper on the Catholic Truth Society itself, and in addition read one by the Hon. Mrs. Fraser on its important offshoot, the Seamen's Branch, of which mention has already been made. Not only was there much to tell concerning its work which was in the highest degree instructive and consoling, but it was announced by speakers who followed that active steps are already being taken to establish in Bristol a new centre of its operations.

In the afternoon, Mr. Arthur Chilton Thomas, treating of co-operation in social work with non-Catholics, was able to tell much from his own experience in regard of Homes for Destitute Boys, to which he has in Liverpool devoted so much self-sacrificing energy. The Very Rev. Prior of Downside, Father Ford, O.S.B., discoursing of "Some old ways of doing Charity," not only charmed his hearers by the antiquarian interest of his paper, but afforded a practical demonstration of the ability of the Church of Christ to solve those problems, the difficulties of which do but grow more acute under the treatment of mere human wisdom. Finally, Mr. W. J. Pike discussed the mournful subject of "Leakage," in relation to the work of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and the means by which the latter might best co-operate to check the evil.

This concluded the business of the Conference, which, as has

been already observed, was from first to last of a most practical and suggestive character, and well calculated to arouse those present to a sense of their duty in regard of Catholic work, or at least to stimulate them to greater zeal and energy in its regard.

Not content with the traditional programme bequeathed from previous years, the local Committee had resolved to signalize the Bristol meeting by two features entirely novel, but very diverse in character. The first of these was a dinner, of which it is unnecessary to say more than that it brought together a large and pleasant company, well serving its chief purpose of extending the circle of acquaintanceship amongst the members of the Society. It was likewise signalized by the most felicitous speech of the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Britten, in responding to the toast of the evening; the amusing verses with which in conclusion he summed up, being alone quite sufficient to have assured its success.

Very different was the exercise appointed for the following day, Thursday, September 12th. On former occasions, after the labours of the Conference, its members have indulged in sight-seeing, making excursions to various points of interest. On the present occasion, these were replaced by a solemn pilgrimage to Glastonbury, in honour of the recently beatified martyr, Richard Whiting, the last Abbot of the famous abbey, who for his fidelity to his trust was hanged as a traitor by order of Henry VIII., on November 15th, 1539; while, apart from this its latest claim to veneration, the spot itself is hallowed ground, and might well have suggested such an act of public homage, as undoubtedly the most ancient as well as the most celebrated of the shrines around which Christianity grew up in our island. Starting from Bristol and Bath about noon, the main body of the pilgrims were joined on the way by a large detachment, who had set out before them for the purpose of visiting Downside. The whole company, not far short of two thousand in number, arrived at Glastonbury about 3 p.m. Immediately arranging themselves four abreast, they marched in procession, priests in cassock and surplice, Religious in their habits, with altar-boys and lights, through the long street of the town. A priest bore in a crystal case the decree of beatification, another in crimson cope, with deacon and subdeacon in dalmatics, carried a large relic of the True Cross. As the long line passed on its way, each company of four severally recited the Rosary

aloud, the volume of voices rolling through the ranks with wonderful effect. Occasionally this exercise was interrupted by the singing of hymns.

A foolish rumour had been circulated that the inhabitants of the place were likely to resent such an intrusion, and might even give active proof of their hostility. So far was this from being the case, that they had swept their streets in preparation, and cut the nettles and weeds which in the fields beyond might have impeded the progress. As it advanced, they lined the pavements as respectful, if not sympathetic, observers. It is an undoubted fact that the memory of the martyred Abbot Whiting long remained fresh in the neighbourhood, as that of a just and holy man, and Warner tells us that questioning an old woman, early in the present century, as to the place of his execution, he was corrected by her and told to speak of his murder.

The goal of the journey was the Tor Hill, which rises abruptly from the plain to a height of some two hundred feet. On the summit stands a square tower, of fifteenth century workmanship, in front of which the Blessed Richard Whiting, with two monks of his abbey,¹ suffered death.²

Here it had been determined to hold the appointed service, but a strong wind was blowing, and it was thought better to seek shelter on the southern slope, and on account of the size of the crowd, now swollen by the townsfolk who had followed in the wake, it was broken up into various companies; one around his Lordship the Bishop of Clifton, who had preceded the other pilgrims to the spot, being addressed by Abbot Snow, O.S.B., the titular of Glastonbury—others by the Prior of Downside—Father Kendall, O.S.B.—and Father Philip Fletcher. Hymns were also sung. Finally, having now been vested in full pontificals, with mitre and crozier, the Bishop led the way to the summit, where alone, curiously enough, absolute calm prevailed, and there imparted to the assembled multitude the Papal Benediction, sent on occasion of the Conference. All then joined in reciting aloud the prayer for England, enjoined by His Holiness the Pope.

¹ Viz., John Thorne and Roger James.

² The assertion has been made, and some heard it on the Tor itself from inhabitants of the place, that the scene of martyrdom was not the Tor, but Chalice Hill, a smaller eminence beneath, which immediately overlooks the abbey. It is sufficient to remark that Russell, who superintended the execution, in his despatch to Cromwell, distinctly says, that it took place on the summit of the Tor.

The view around was singularly striking, and its features replete with historical instruction. Between the Mendips, some ten miles to the north, and the Poldens, three or four miles to the south, the flat expanse of the Brent Marsh stretches off to the Bristol Sea. From it stand out, abruptly as the Tor, but of lesser elevation, the hills, described in the earlier charters of Glastonbury as "islands," which formed the famous region of Avalon, or "the residence amidst the waters." Two thousand years ago, apart from these hills and the narrow causeways which connected them with one another, or with the elevated lands beyond, the face of the country must have been a waste of water, or a thicket of reeds. It is even said that the sea till times comparatively recent, approached so near, that the summit of the tower served for a lighthouse, a beacon-fire being there lighted for the guidance of ships. It must be remarked that in former times there was here a church, dedicated, as usual in such situations, to St. Michael, which was destroyed by an earthquake in the year 1275. To the west is seen the singularly straight ridge of Wearyall, or Wyrral, Hill, much lower than the Tor and nearer the town, on which, as the legend declares, Joseph of Arimathea landed, planting there his staff, which grew into the Glastonbury Thorn.

With the devotions at the summit, the prescribed exercises of the pilgrimage terminated. It was impossible to attempt to form again in processional order, but not less imposing was the crowd as it surged down with the Bishop and sacred ministers, monks and friars, priests and acolytes in its midst, and, for an hour afterwards, the streets of the little town were alive with figures clad in garbs which recalled the days before Abbot Whiting's martyrdom; most frequent, as was but fitting, being the venerable habit of St. Benedict.

J. G.

Two Modern Dominicanesses.¹

IT was a favourite theory with the late Lord Beaconsfield that all the great movements which had affected the world's history were dependent largely for their success upon feminine influence. Whether Lord Beaconsfield would have extended this opinion even to the domain of religion and morals may perhaps be open to doubt, though there is much in *Lothair* which seems to suggest an affirmative answer.² Still in that case he would expose himself to the obvious objection that in the most considerable religious revival of our age, feminine activity, if it existed at all, was at any rate kept very much in the background. We have learnt a great deal about the Oxford Movement from every possible point of view; leaders of thought like Cardinal Newman and Dr. Pusey, churchmen like Canon Mozeley and the late Dean of St. Paul's, converts like W. G. Ward, Father Faber, and Mr. Allies, agnostics like Frank Newman and Mark Pattison, have all directly or indirectly told us what they knew, and among them all we hear singularly little of woman's share in a movement which, identified as it is by many people with a taste for "ecclesiastical millinery," for perfumes, flowers, and masquerading, might not unnaturally be supposed to be distinctively feminine.

¹ *Memoir of Mother Francis Raphael (Drane), O.S.D.* Edited by the Rev. Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P. London: Longmans, 1895. (Reviewed in *THE MONTH* for July, p. 450.)

Memoir of Mother Rose Columba (Adams), O.P. By the Right Rev. W. R. Brownlow, Bishop of Clifton. London: Burns and Oates, 1895.

² Cf. for instance the following passage (vol. ii. ch. xi.): "The Cardinal was an entire believer in female influence and a considerable believer in his influence over females; and he had good cause for his convictions. The catalogue of his proselytes was numerous and distinguished. He had not only converted a duchess and several countesses, but he had gathered into the fold a real Mary Magdalen. . . . He had a right, therefore, to be confident; and while his exquisite taste and consummate cultivation rendered it impossible that he should not have been deeply gratified by the performance of Theodora, he was really the whole time considering the best means by which such charms and powers could be enlisted in the cause of the Church." And much more *passim* to the same effect.

And yet there was a feminine side to that great renovation of religious ideals, and we are very pleased to be able, almost for the first time, to trace something of its effects in the volumes before us. That the part of woman should be subordinate and modestly hidden from the light was only to be expected. We are glad that now the veil should begin to be drawn aside a little, in order that we may see what were the kind of souls that first felt the breath of that vivifying influence, and what it was that, under that influence, they did with their lives. The biography of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, published some years ago, already affords us one specimen of the workings of a noble heart brought by God's grace from Anglicanism to the full light of the Catholic Church. But Lady Georgiana's conversion might be said to be due quite as much to her constant association with Catholics abroad and to the influence of such preachers as Lacordaire and de Ravignan, as to any sympathy with the tendencies and aspirations of high Anglicanism. Mother Francis Raphael and Mother Rose Columba, the former more especially, owed their reception into the Church to the spirit of religious inquiry which the Oxford discussions had let loose throughout the country. Augusta Theodosia Drane (afterwards known as Mother Francis Raphael) became a Catholic on July 3, 1850, being then twenty-six years of age; and Sophy Adams (Mother Rose Columba), in her twentieth year, on August 23, 1851. It is interesting to glean from the pages before us what were the characters and what the antecedents of these two young English ladies who were afterwards to give themselves so generously to God, and to attract in their different ways so many souls to His service.

The families of both Augusta Drane and Sophy Adams belonged to that adventurous class of great mercantile administrators from which the intellectual life of the country has at all periods of its history been so largely recruited. Mr. Drane was the managing partner in a firm of East India merchants, and lived near London. Mr. Adams had spent many years in Calcutta, and had twice married there before he settled down to the life of an English country gentleman in Gloucestershire. In both cases, therefore, the children were brought up amid opulent surroundings, they had every opportunity of seeing society under its most favourable aspects, and they were happy in the enjoyment of a united and cultured family circle. Augusta Drane, even from the very first, must have offered to any judge

of character who observed her closely, signs of remarkable genius. Before she was twelve years old she was able to read and enjoy a number of works which might seem to need too much intellectual effort for even bookish grown-up people. Spenser and Milton, Shakespeare and a translation of Homer, Bryant's *Ancient Mythology* and Burder's *Oriental Customs*, shared her favour with books on natural history and with historical works like Sully's *Memoirs* and Robertson's *Charles V.*, while one of her special attractions was for an old black-letter edition of Hollinshed's *Chronicles*, from which she learnt, and, years afterwards, could accurately recall the legends of some of the most obscure of the early English saints.

It would be hard to imagine a more interesting childhood than that which is sketched in the first portion of Father Wilberforce's *Memoir*. He has had the immense advantage of making free use of a series of notes upon her early years, jotted down by Mother Francis Raphael herself, and in this part of his task he has had little more to do than to piece these together with a few skilful paragraphs of transition. Written as they were without thought of publication, merely to gratify the whim of a sick sister, these notes exhibit nothing of that self-consciousness which is the bane of autobiographies, and spontaneity and naturalness breathe in every line of them. What can be more charming than such pictures as these :

Augusta was nearly seven years old before she could pronounce the hard consonants. "It was a source of constant humiliation to me," she writes, "the rather that my elders, instead of trying to make me get over the difficulty, amused themselves with my funny lingo, and made no efforts to cure me. Hence, while my education advanced, and I was able to repeat the English kings and queens, they were always 'tins and tweens;' and if required to exhibit my playing of the scales, I always called it 'playing my *tails*.' As I grew older, and became conscious of the defect, it caused me great anguish; and one day when I heard Kitty, the cook, remark, 'Bless the child, she can't say *kitchen* yet' (for I called it *titsen*), I vowed an inward vow that I would retire to some solitude, and never come forth till *kitchen* had been said. I sought for the solitude in a part of the shrubbery where some thick laurel bushes grew, and behind them ensconced myself with the fixed determination to remain there all day and all night if need be, so that I might issue forth a conqueror. By dint of immense effort I mastered the difficulty, and got out '*kitchen*!' loud and distinct. Then in a transport of excitement, I rushed out of my hiding-place, and finding no one about to whom to communicate my newly acquired gift, I bolted

to the kitchen window and thrust in my head, shouting, 'Here, Kitty, Liddy, Judy—come quick.' They all ran to the spot, expecting to have to bind up a cut, or set a broken arm, and when I had them before me, all I said was, '*Kitchen!*' When my dear mother heard of this, she said, 'Just like the child; she would die without sympathy!' a bit of character-reading worthy of a mother."¹

Or again :

"In my early days one taste dominated over every other, and that was Natural History. My own child's library included books (chiefly birthday presents) on minerals, plants, and insects. What I learnt from my books I proceeded to investigate out of doors, and at eight years old was an authority on all matters connected with ants and bees, whose habits I studied with a perseverance that caused my mother serious anxiety. Moreover, I claimed it as my right to have a holiday whenever the bees were expected to swarm, as it was regarded as my duty to watch the hives, and give the alarm. All the privilege I claimed in return for my arduous duty was permission to spend the day under the hedge with a book, and in these bee-swarming holidays I managed to read my first poems. Thomson's *Seasons* and Goldsmith's *Traveller* were among those I most delighted in. *Rasselas* and *Robinson Crusoe* were also first read among the beehives.

"My father and brother pursued their mechanical and scientific amusements in a loft over the toolhouse. In this loft were a magnificent turning-lathe, an apparatus for distilling, and various other charming things. Here I spent many delightful hours; 'furtive moments,' not unfrequently stolen from the schoolroom. Here my brother and I made ourselves happy, chopping our hands to pieces, burning ourselves and our clothes with chemicals and distilling very indifferent rosewater, whilst my father often produced very beautiful works in ivory from his lathe."²

If Augusta Drane was a singularly clever girl there seems to have been little in her either of primness or priggishness. Indeed in her neglect of tasks which she disliked, in the wilfulness of her escapades on pony-back or while scouring the country in her natural history excursions, in the excitability, possibly due to an early attack of brain-fever, which seems often to have made her wayward and passionate with her nurses and companions, she was generally regarded as rather a naughty child. She reproaches herself in the notes referred to for a serious fault of character, declaring that in these early days impulse and not duty was the mainspring of all she did, with the result that frequent disgraces impressed her with the sense

¹ *Memoir of Mother Francis Raphael*, pp. xxi. xxii.

² Pp. xvii. xviii.

of incurable naughtiness, and with the belief that even God like everybody else "thought her too bad to mend." She prayed at this time, but says that in reality of Christianity she comprehended nothing. Nevertheless she remained throughout innocent and pure-minded, the devoted admirer of all that had a spice of heroism in it, considered eccentric from her consistent appreciation of the Gospel standard, which led her sometimes to embarrass her good parents with inquiries "why instead of dinner-parties, they did not give dinners to the poor, the halt, and the blind." The short period she spent at school was not a happy time, and the Calvinism she met with there rather tended to disgust her with religion, but the family migrating to Devonshire when she was about fourteen, her character, as she says herself, softened and sweetened amidst the natural beauties in which she revelled. It was at this time that religious questions began to occupy a great place in her thoughts. She came under the influence of two successive vicars of St. Mary Church, George May Coleridge, nephew of the poet, and then after his death, of William Maskell, afterwards a Catholic, both of them keenly interested in the Oxford Movement, and advanced Ritualists. It was while galloping over the moors and exploring every nook and cranny of the cliffs around Babbicombe, that at last, as she writes—

"I began to be conscious that the religiousness which I had hitherto professed was in reality of no substance or worth, and very little more than a bundle of artistic tastes. At the same time I had come to feel the need of something earnest, something that would guide and support me in a time of difficulty.

"At first I could hardly believe that I did not possess it. I had worked my way, I may say, out of so many storms into an atmosphere which seemed by contrast so passionless and tranquil, that suddenly to have the veil torn rudely away, and to be made to see and know that it was all vanity and emptiness, unreal as a shadow, worthless as the veriest husks of the swine, was terrible indeed.

"Yet it was true. Be it remembered that deep down in my heart there was a *conviction*, but I had never looked it in the face. It lay there as whales may lie in the deep waters, and just come up at intervals to breathe. So also, it came to the surface now and then, to be thrust down again and ignored. But with *it* there, thus ignored, all the work at the surface was of no avail. My sister Louisa partly knew this, and used often to tell me I was one half Papist and the other half infidel. Of course I was, and so must every one be who with the Faith, or its germ in his heart, obeys and follows a different system."¹

¹ P. xlvii.

This conviction, which caused her intense suffering as it gradually forced itself upon her, was the belief that she was not in the true Church and that she ought at any sacrifice to enter its fold. She prayed, and argued, and busied herself in works of charity. She found some volumes of Rodriguez' *Christian Perfection*, and devoured them with an eagerness of which, she says, "a girl of sixteen reading the *Waverley Novels* for the first time would be a feeble comparison."

"Impossible not to be a glutton over these books. I read them by day; I read them by night; I read them aloud to my sister, who was vexed by my enthusiasm, and did not relish the Fathers of the Desert; and when she objected, I walked down to Petit Tor and read them there. I went right through them in a week, and then I began again, and went right through them a second time. If I ever hear depreciating remarks about Rodriguez, as if he were an old fogey, I feel as if I could slay any one who does not love him as I do! I think he saved my faith."¹

It would not seem that she was ever in danger of becoming an absolute infidel. A passage in her *Memories* referring to James Anthony Froude, the historian, then in deacon's orders, who came for a while to St. Mary Church to assist Mr. Coleridge, and after his death preached his funeral sermon, is for many reasons full of interest.

"My sister used playfully to draw a parallel between Anthony Froude and myself, and would say we resembled each other mentally. The resemblance, if any, was by contrast. His friends were holding him in the Establishment by ropes to keep him from infidelity; my friends were doing the same kind office for me to keep me back from the Catholic Church. But in one respect our positions were alike, and perhaps tended to similar results. We were sailing under false colours, living in a system we both interiorly despised, and felt unreal; and I know nothing that so saps the spirit of real faith and reverence. I dare say a year or two more of the life I was then leading would have carried me into what is called the Broad Church. I *think* it never could have carried me into infidelity, strictly so called. In younger days, indeed, I was much taken with Emerson's writings, until I came on a passage where he declares that the whole aim of his life shall be to get rid of the belief in a Personal God. But to disbelieve in a Personal God, and substitute belief in the 'Absolute,' the 'Over-soul,' and other things which the peculiar terminology of Pantheism puts for God, was always totally repugnant to my whole mind. Then, as now, I always felt there

¹ P. 16.

is one real article of Faith, God—all the rest is developed from that. Pantheism was therefore to me an impossibility, though the love of nature attracted me to some of its lingo.

"I felt the dreadful emptiness of Anglicanism as a moral, no less than as a dogmatic teacher. I almost felt it more. Keble's style of direction was so extremely 'washy,' and yet Keble was Keble. The only books that gave me any help were Pusey's adaptations from Roman books, and what an avowal of Anglican weakness was that! I was getting extremely weary of 'views;' I wanted something for my soul."¹

It was this feeling of unreality which filled her mind with doubts and remonstrances, and Mr. Maskell, himself sharing her views, induced her to put them on paper and give them publicity in a pamphlet on the *Morality of Tractarianism*, which appeared in 1850. Not many months later, after much anguish of mind at the rooting up of old beliefs and the severance of old ties, Miss Drane was received into the Catholic Church.

Mother Rose Columba (Adams), the subject of the second of the two biographies with which we are concerned, did not possess the exceptional literary gifts of her sister in Religion, and we miss in Bishop Brownlow's volume those brilliant photographs of her thoughts and feelings and those marvellously vivid descriptions which lend to Mother Drane's *Memories* a charm which we can only compare to that of the journals of Eugénie de Guérin. None the less the letters and writings quoted in the Life, apart from the testimony of those who knew her best, would abundantly suffice to prove that Sophy Adams possessed abilities of a very high order. We do not learn very much of her life before her conversion, but in the recollections of some of her friends, and in a few casual allusions gleaned from letters of her own, we are able to trace the type of character clearly enough. A very noble type of character it is, thoroughly English and thoroughly wholesome, instinct with high courage, physical as well as moral, and yet graced with that charm of tender womanliness which won for her the love of every human being with whom she came into contact. Her life before her conversion was simple enough. In the words of an intimate friend of her girlhood,

There is little to tell. She took the "daily round" of life in a country village, and spent it in home duties and outdoor pleasures. She

¹ P. lix.

cared little for the gay world, and only entered on it when her uncle, Mr. M'Taggart, got tickets for the theatre and took her away with him. But she was generally the one who stayed at home with her father, who was often very exacting, but very fond of her. Many were the hair-breadth escapes she and I have had when she was afraid of not being in time to read when he awoke from his long after-dinner nap. . . . Yet she enjoyed life as she found it—balls, dances, theatres, &c. She was so *very* beautiful, that often when she went to a theatre she was the object of all eyes and opera-glasses, and yet she never seemed to notice it; and she spent hardly anything on dress, in order to have the money to give to the poor.¹

It is touching in letters of her own to catch glimpses of the thoughts which occupied her mind even in those early days:

I remember, when I was quite young, I and my uncle going to the opera. It was a beautiful May evening. There was the usual crush, and so the carriage had to wait for its turn; and the thought of the worldly difference between those outside the carriage and those in it came home to me. I wondered why there should be that difference.²

Or, again:

As a child, I had a terrible sense of sin; and I used to long to have lived in the times when sacrifices were offered, or when the Apostles were upon earth. Even after childhood was passed I would not *wilfully* commit *sin*, or what I considered sin. Unfortunately our instructions, and even instincts, were terribly misty. Looking back, I have very much to lament, and I may add, from personal knowledge, very much to be grateful for. If my surroundings had been different, and my instincts about some things less sharp and clear, of course there might have been much more to regret. I take no praise to myself. External circumstances, and, yet more, the goodness of God, were my protection.³

We can easily understand how one of her earliest directors would write of her after her death: "She was a grand soul. Her baptismal innocence was never lost. Hence Divine grace seemed to have no opposition made by a sin-wounded will." All this time she appeared to the outward eye, as one of her friends describes her, "to be more gipsy than nun, loving her freedom and going about on her high-spirited horse, followed by her large dog, quite alone." Yet she was as often as not bound at these times on some errand of mercy, and the love of home, which always lay deep in her heart, comes out in the following passage, in which she refers to that painful going

¹ *Memoir of Mother Rose Columba*, p. 2.

² P. 3.

³ P. 4.

forth from her father's house which her conversion to the Catholic faith ultimately forced upon her :

No other place, however much it may be in our own hands, can be like our father's house : no place so answers to the name of *home*, however circumstances may have changed, and however little of a home it may have become. I remember well the night when I felt that my father's house was no longer my home. It was the first time in my life that I knew what "scalding tears" meant. But I was very happy too ; for even then I felt it was little to give up in return for the gift of faith. Besides, I was not *turned out*, only made to go by constant attacks upon religion, which I could not endure to hear.¹

Her conversion had been brought about by her acquaintance first with the Passionist Fathers and afterwards with the Dominicans, who successively served the little Catholic church built by Mr. Leigh at Woodchester ; but there can be little doubt that the controversies of the Oxford Movement, and the outcry occasioned by the "Papal Aggression" of 1851, must also have had their influence upon her religious views. All during this time she was haunted, as she says, by an "undefined idea of a higher life." This no doubt, aided by her own assiduous prayers, was the star which guided her first to the true fold of the Catholic Church, and ultimately in 1856 to the door of the Dominican convent at Stone.

It is so often assumed that a nunnery is merely a refuge for broken hearts, that we feel that this sketch of Sophy Adams before entering Religion, would not be complete without the addition of the passage with which Bishop Brownlow closes his first chapter :

It could hardly have happened that so attractive a girl, with a fortune of her own, should have failed to have had special attentions paid to her by persons of the opposite sex ; and occasionally her friends used to banter her about Mr. This or That. But frank and confiding as she always was to all, she never appeared to have had even a passing wound from the common passion ; and when she entered Religion she could look back on her whole youth and write distinctly : "One thing more I will add, I could bring (God) a whole heart too ; for it was never given to any one." To whom then was it given ? She shall answer herself : "Well ! 'All passes,' as St. Teresa says, and I may also add, 'God never changes.' What a rest that is ! to know and to feel that there is One Perfect and Immutable Being ! I am very fond of the *Tu solus Sanctus*, &c., in the *Gloria*. I suppose it is a very human

¹ P. 12.

feeling! But there is a joy in knowing that there is One who cannot disappoint, who can never in the smallest degree be unworthy of entire adoration, who may be loved and worshipped—nay more, that it is the creature's privilege to love and worship—and who alone can satisfy its longings."¹

If the Life of Mother Adams does not tell us much of her own studies or of the mental processes which brought about her conversion, it affords us in exchange a peep at the previous history of a third Religious of the same community, one more intimately associated with the Oxford Movement than either of the foregoing, and senior to both of them by the date of her profession in the Order. In a passage of the *Apologia*,² Cardinal Newman makes reference to—

A gifted and deeply earnest lady who, in a parabolical account of that time (1843), has described both my conduct and that of such as herself. In a singularly graphic, amusing vision of pilgrims, who were making their way across a bleak common in great discomfort, and who were ever warned against, yet continually nearing, "the king's highway" on the right, she says: "All my fears and disquiets were speedily renewed by seeing the most daring of our leaders (the same who had forced his way through the palisade, and in whose courage and sagacity we all put implicit trust) suddenly stop short, and declare that he would go no further. He did not, however, take the leap at once, but quietly sat down on the top of the fence, with his feet hanging towards the road, as if he meant to take his time about it, and let himself down easily."³

This lady, Bishop Brownlow tells us, was Mother Imelda Poole, afterwards elected Provincial of the Order on the death of the Mother Margaret Hallahan. She was "the novice in spectacles" who opened the door to Mother Drane when she came in 1851 to make a timid inquiry at the Clifton convent, and who was afterwards to be to her Novice Mistress, Provincial, and lifelong friend. Mother Imelda Poole, we learn from Bishop Brownlow,

Was a learned Greek scholar, and used at one time to do much work for Dr. Pusey in collating and verifying his quotations from the Latin and Greek Fathers. But all her learning and remarkable mental powers were so modestly hidden under the veil of humility, that the principal characteristic which struck those who came in contact with her was her childlike simplicity and innocence, which remained in all its freshness even in her old age. Dr. Ullathorne writes of her: "Had

¹ Pp. 14, 15. ² P. 348. First Edition.

³ *Memoir of Mother Rose Columba*, p. 100.

you ever seen her, you would have been struck with her spiritual beauty and sweetness. Yet the gentleness of her modest demeanour covered a man's mind, and a man's learning and judgment. . . . In her novitiate Mother Margaret gave her a severe humiliation about her learning, and sent her to work in the kitchen. She replied, 'Dear Mother, I have learned everything but humility, and I have come to learn that here.' She had studied both Greek and Latin classics. Plato indeed helped her into the Church, as he did St. Augustine; she had a great and accurate knowledge of the Scriptures, was versed in the sense of the great spiritual writers, and knew the diversities of the great Religious rules."¹

Here, then, were souls which, to judge not only by what they afterwards became, but by what they had been before, were worthy pioneers in that army of noble women who have won their way, despite many obstacles, first from heresy to the light of the true faith, and then into that inner sanctuary of a religious enclosure which the Church herself has consecrated to God. They were by no means the only ones even in that single community who had shared a similar experience. We catch momentary glimpses in these volumes of one or another name, names of which we would gladly know more. Such, for instance, was Mother Agnes Philip Moore, an old friend and penitent of Cardinal Newman's, whom we mention here because we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting the sentence in which Mother Drane, with her inimitable gift of presentation, dashes off her portrait.

Ah, what a loss she was! How for months after she was gone, I used to listen for that firm, gentle step in the cloister, as regular as the tick of a watch, which I used to tell her in my saucy way, chanted the words prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance!

But, now, what was it that these new converts, so rich in gifts which would have brought them ease, affection, and consideration in the world, were to do with their lives?

Some years before, a poor woman of Irish extraction, already middle-aged, but great in qualities of mind and heart, had come to England from Bruges, and at the instigation of the Benedictine Father Ullathorne, not yet Bishop of Birmingham, had gathered some devoted companions around her and formed the nucleus of a religious congregation which was later to adopt the Rule of the Third Order of St. Dominic. At the present day the

¹ Pp. 100, 101.

name of Mother Margaret Hallahan, thanks in no small measure to the admirable *Life* of her written by Mother Drane, is known to English-speaking Catholics all over the world, but at the time that the Oxford Movement was sending so many to join the Church, only the comparatively few who had come immediately within the sphere of her influence were aware of the wonderful gifts of grace which were stored up in that heroic soul. Here then it was, at the feet of this humble and obscure servant of God, who had spent twenty years of her life as a domestic servant, who had completed at nine years of age all the schooling she was ever to have, and who could not write the simplest letter without a dozen faults of spelling—it was here that these cultivated ladies humbled themselves to become children once more, and embraced the firm discipline and the many austerities which Mother Margaret pointed out to them as the only road to religious perfection. It is true that the privations which had pressed upon the community so heavily at its first foundation, were now somewhat mitigated. The days were over when in literal truth it could be said of them that they lived upon potatoes and slept upon boards. But the spirit which Mother Margaret breathed into all she did and all she taught her children to do, was not a whit altered. "Penance," to use the expression of one of them, "was their daily bread." "We were never spared, in or out of chapter," writes another, "but constantly exhorted to fervour, being often told by our Mother that she would rather work with one fervent Religious than with a hundred who had not the right spirit." Nevertheless, although nearly all of them had been used to comfort in the world, they found peace and consolation even in the austerities of their hard rule of life. "How sweet everything tastes here!" said one; "yet what should I have thought of it in my father's house!"

Of course there were moments when the sacrifice was more keenly felt. Of Mother Francis Raphael during her noviceship, Father Wilberforce writes:

For one so devoted to country life and pursuits, with an imagination so vivid and intellect so active, the restraint and monotony of convent routine, especially at Clifton, where there was only a very small garden, surrounded by buildings, was undoubtedly a most trying change. Once she confessed to Mother Margaret that she felt it keenly, and longed for some change and excitement, "even a rat-hunt." Mother Margaret was highly amused, and with a beaming smile replied, "A rat-hunt!

Well, if that is your taste, Longton (where there was then a convent) will be the very place for you. The cellars are full of rats!"¹

We don't quite know what our modern Zoophilists will think of a nun finding amusement in the idea of a rat-hunt. To ourselves it is a consolation to discover that these gentle and holy women, ready to undergo any hardship, as their whole lives proved, to give glory to God or to relieve the suffering of their fellow-men, show no trace of that hysterical revolt against the dispensation of God's providence with regard to the lower animals which seems to us the devil's latest device to draw souls away from the love of their Creator. It was not that these pious Dominican nuns had no affection for God's creatures. Take this little incident from the Life of Mother Rose Columba, whose early devotion to her favourite horse is more than once alluded to:

She had not much opportunity of indulging her fondness for horses and dogs. On one occasion one of the pigs was sick, and through the absence of the man who usually looked after the animals, it fell to Sister Rose Columba's lot to give it medicine and look after it. Mother Margaret asked her how she liked it, and she had to acknowledge that it was a very uncongenial duty. "If it had been a horse, dear Mother, it would be quite different." Mother Margaret laughed at her a good deal, as one animal seemed to her much like another.²

Or take this account from Mother Francis Raphael's *Memories*, describing her feelings when, on the occasion of her last appearance in the hunting-field, she was cantering after the hounds, and her mind being full of all sorts of torturing religious doubts, she had yet to talk to her companion—

"Listening to his observations about 'your new vicar,' and 'your Church,' till really it would have been a relief to jump a five-bar gate and get rid of him! Then he thought fit to compliment me on my bold riding, whereas I was letting the dear old horse do precisely as he liked, and being a knowing horse, he managed a great deal better than I could have done; and at last we were on the bit of open moory hill at Abbots Kerswell, and, while the gentlemen were busy with dogs and a lost scent, I distinctly remember drawing my rein, looking fixedly on the moor, and all those hills and valleys I have spoken of before, my old haunts, beautiful whether in summer or winter, and bidding them all farewell."³

¹ *Memoir of Mother Francis Raphael*, pp. lxxiv. lxxv.

² P. 28. ³ P. ii.

It is clear that the writer, like Mother Rose Columba, had tender recollections of the four-footed friend who had carried her in many a scamper. As for Mother Margaret herself, many of the readers of her Life, that brightest of spiritual biographies, will cherish as one of their favourite passages the description of the perplexity in which she was involved by her sympathy for the conflicting interests of robins and cats, and of the compassion which led her in her simplicity during her visit to Rome to throw slices of bread to the half-starved sheep of the Campagna.

But the serious interests of Mother Margaret and her companions were given to worthier objects than the welfare of cats and birds. Those who joined that community came with a clear and definite purpose to be learners in the school of sanctity. As the foundress said in her own emphatic way, "And now if this house is not going to be a nursery of saints, I would like nothing better than to light a match and burn it to the ground. . . . If I had the choice given me, I would rather bury you all to-morrow than know that you would live on without any attempt to become saints." In the thought of their friends and companions it is probable that many of these refined and cultured ladies, who sacrificed everything and broke every tie that bound them to earth in order to follow the call of God, must have seemed pretty nearly saints already. That was not Mother Margaret's idea. Discipline and training in her understanding of the science of the saints were not mere names. Poor and humble and ignorant as she always believed herself to be, she had no stomach for an arrangement by which those in authority should modestly acknowledge the condescension and delicately anticipate the wishes of their highly gifted subordinates who so gracefully proffered obedience. That is a *modus vivendi* which may be found sometimes, in Anglican Sisterhoods and elsewhere, to have the advantage of diminishing friction between the rulers and the ruled. The school of perfection over which Mother Margaret presided was managed on very different principles. Mother Rose Columba was accused half playfully in after-years of having been the "spoiled child" of their beloved foundress.

You are mistaken [she wrote] if you think that our beloved Mother used to *pet* me. I *know* I was *specially loved* by her, for she told me so. But, as she herself said, she was a "rough lover." Anyhow, she led those she most loved by the rough ways of the holy Cross. Sometimes

she would say, after a severe reproof, "Child! if I did not love you, I should not say these things to you." I often think that, if I have any *form*, it was given by the hammer and the chisel. Yet to *know* that one had the love of such a heart as hers was enough to help one through many difficulties. Often, when most weary of life, and most desirous to be set free, I remember our dearest Mother's last message to me—I was to "get well and work." I think I do work to the limits of my strength.¹

And the spirit which Mother Margaret inaugurated lasted after her death. Mother Imelda Poole, whose name has already been mentioned, was knit to Mother Drane in the bonds of a holy friendship, the depth and intensity of which the pages of the *Memoir* before us attest in numberless ways, and yet Mother Imelda being then Provincial and Mother Drane newly appointed to be Prioress of Stone, the former wrote a letter to the new Superior which was her guide and stay in the whole of her government, it was "so sweet and tender," as she tells us, "yet so plain-spoken withal, not to say severe—sweet and tender as she welcomed me as her fellow-worker—plain-spoken almost to severity in pointing out my faults." It is thus that holy souls win their way to perfection. And yet despite what might seem to some the sternness of the spirit which Mother Margaret infused into her Order, we never remember reading of any religious community in which the tenderness of sisterly charity was more obviously, more unquestionably spontaneous and sincere. Mother Drane, when almost at the end of her course, speaks of it as if the ardour of her charity had been one of her greatest difficulties. "All my life I have had to fight against loving people too much, and especially since I have been a religious Superior." And both of her and of Mother Rose Columba it is recorded as a singular and special gift, that while they had a marvellous power of attracting affection, they never kept hearts for themselves, but led them past the merely human friendship onwards and upwards to God.

From the quotations made in the earlier part of this article it will have been possible, we may trust, to form a tolerably clear picture of the character of these two bright English girls as they were known in their youth to their Anglican friends. It is harder in narrow limits to give any satisfactory idea of what they became when the training of religious life had done its work upon their souls. That can only be learnt from the

¹ P. 23.

pages of the Memoirs from which we have already quoted so largely. It is from their letters and spiritual notes that we come to understand the principles which animated them in all their actions, the zeal for God's glory with which they were devoured, the austerities which they underwent so joyfully, the veneration they inspired in all who knew them, the spiritual good which they did to souls, the brightness of their letters and conversation, the sufferings physical and mental with which God purified them, and withal the deep peace and thankfulness which remained with them even in the hour of trial. Mother Drane's life was largely taken up with the duties incumbent upon her in posts of authority, whether as Prioress or Provincial, but in her spare moments she found time, owing to the extraordinary fertility of her genius, to issue a series of works which in any other writer might worthily represent the results of long years of undivided application. We cannot venture here upon any criticism of her literary work. Suffice it to say that no species of composition seemed to come amiss to her, and that the poetry of her *Songs in the Night* and even her lighter verses, of which a singularly happy specimen¹ is rescued from oblivion in the *Memoir* before us, reached a very high level indeed. Mother Rose Columba, after labouring in several English convents, winning all hearts wherever she went, founded amidst many hardships a colony of the Order in Australia. As a specimen of the kind of testimony which those around her bore to her virtues, we may take the following :

The vows she observed with the greatest fidelity. Her austerity was very great, both as regards mortification of the appetite and all that regarded her personal wants. Her observance of Poverty was not only strict, but she went to the bottom of the virtue ; I mean, she was not satisfied with what is generally required, but she inculcated the real hearty laying at the feet of Superiors all that was given one. She was very strict on all points of Poverty with others, and herself. Her cell was of the poorest, and during her long illnesses she had nothing to lie on but a mattress, which was merely a sack of loose straw. She used to scold me because I would shake it up and try to make it comfortable. Her fire was such a wretched little affair that it must have been ashamed to be there at all. Yet she suffered intensely from the cold.²

And yet these austerities and others which cannot so well be spoken of did not cloud for a moment the loveableness of

¹ "St. Paula," p. xcv. ² P. 189.

her character. The old friend from whose notes we have quoted on an earlier page, thus describes her meeting with Mother Rose Columba after many years :

She wrote and fixed a day for me "to come and see if I could find any trace of the Sophy of old." She was mischievous enough to meet me in a sort of darkened passage-room in the old house, with two other nuns. I looked from one to the other—dress and all were changed. But in a moment her eyes beamed, and her arms were round my neck.

Sophy was one of the most beautiful characters I ever met with. I can never forget my very last parting with her. She looked white as marble, and years younger than she usually did. On entering the room she said, "I can only give you five minutes." We hardly spoke. She seemed to me to have earned the blessing in all the Beatitudes. I said, "Sophy, how do you feel?" She answered, "I don't feel at all; as I move, I don't seem to touch the ground. I feel as though floating through space." It seems to me as though only the "wings of the dove" were wanting. I will not write more: it brings back the past so vividly.¹

Another lady who had gone to her in spiritual troubles gives expression in her private journal to a thought which others, we fancy, may have vaguely felt in similar cases. "It is a great comfort not to be left to women. They don't do me much good—women don't; and I don't believe in them very much, except Mother Prioress. I do believe in my dove (Columba), but then she's not exactly a woman, but a nun." Falstaff declares in a celebrated passage that he was not only witty in himself, but a cause of wit in others. It has struck us more than once that the directness and brightness in their manner of expressing their thoughts which belong to such characters as Mother Drane, Mother Rose Columba, and we might add, Mother Kerr, of Roehampton, seems to have even an unconscious effect upon the language which others use in describing them.

Taking, therefore, these lives as they are exhibited in letters or in the testimony of those whose sincerity no one will dispute, we feel that the most prejudiced opponent of the religious state cannot help feeling admiration for the natural beauty of character, the heroism of sacrifice, and the ideal of perfection which he sees depicted there. Surely no Anglican will venture to say these women are dull and narrow-minded, or they have not corresponded to grace, or they have fallen back from the

¹ Pp. 116, 117.

aspirations of early youth. If anything is clear from the history which is traced in these volumes, it is that in both one and in the other case, as indeed in the case of countless other holy Religious of whose story we have no record, there has been a constant straining forward in the path of God's service and the practice of His counsels. Here, then, are those who can speak to us with authority about the way of perfection, to whom we may listen with some confidence when they pronounce upon the relative value of each step in the work of self-conquest. What do these students of holiness say of the work effected in their souls in Anglican days? Mother Rose Columba tells us roundly, "When I was an Anglican I used to pray all day, but it was all delusion." Mother Francis Raphael draws up a much more formal and deliberate judgment.

Years afterwards, in the pages of a private note-book, which she had not destroyed before her death, she described as follows the state of her mind as an Anglican: "I find it difficult to measure precisely what were the real habits and sentiments of my soul under Anglican influence. I am disposed at the moment to depreciate them in a tone of exaggeration, but one is not quite fair in comparing them with the interior state of one's soul after it has been flooded by Catholic light. A more true appreciation is to regard it as one of the stages of growth. Still, in the main, I adhere to my view. Religion in that stage was more theory than practice, and my inner life belonged more to the Beautiful than to the True. As I regard and understand the whole case now (1876), I should say that up to my twenty-second year I lived in and for the Beautiful, almost exclusively. It had to be hewn down with axes and hammers, and when it was, or seemed to be, ruined, I felt reason and will expand. I was able for the first time to lay a grasp on Truth, intellectually and morally; and when once Truth, that is Faith, had secured its power over me, lo! the Beautiful reappeared—not the old Beauty of nature, but a new species, in which nature was but the veil, and the transparent veil, of grace. Beauty lies hid, wrapt up in truth, as a nut within its shell; and as the breaking and crushing of a shell is necessary to extract the kernel, so there is breaking and crushing also needed before the real inner Beauty can be set free in the soul."¹

There are several other passages in which Mother Drane expresses an evidently well considered judgment about the spiritual growth of her Anglican days. Under George Coleridge's influence she learned to love dogma, and the Prayer

¹ *Memoir of Mother Francis Raphael*, pp. lxvi. lxvii.

Book, and Scripture, and applied herself to these things "with an inexplicable ardour," but she was not "gaining religious habits, or practising many degrees more of self-restraint." "Fond likings and fond hatings," tyrannized over her, and this, she says, "in plain English is im-mortification. It matters little whether we are beginning to practise fasting and watching, if at the same time we cannot command ourselves to do or not to do according to the rules of right reason." She deplores that sensibility to the picturesqueness of Anglicanism "whereby souls are held captive in a false system and deprived of the sacraments of grace," and speaks of the wrench which it cost to sever herself from "the rural parochial ties, the country life, the parish church with its grey tower, the English Bible, the sound of the afternoon church-bell and the poor people, some of whom clung to Miss Augusta."

Now surely this is an opinion which deserves every consideration. When the bold climber who has struggled up the face of the cliff to the mountain top tells us that the smooth gradients of the high-road will never lead us to the summit, and that as long as he himself followed them he made no real progress upwards, we feel that he has a claim to be listened to. And if one who has kept to the roadway replies that there is no need to leave the path, and that he is getting along famously, we are prone to doubt whether perhaps he may not have failed to understand altogether what climbing really means. Many Anglicans, it would seem, remain in the Establishment chiefly because they find in it so much virtue in individuals, so many signs of the working of the Spirit of God and of a renewed religious life. We do not wish to disparage the goodness to be found in many members of the Church of England, or the quickening of the Christian faith among them, but is there any one that can guarantee that in these practices of piety there is no self-deception, or that this awakening of spiritual aspirations is to find its full realization in the Establishment and is not merely a call to and preparation for something higher outside.

One argument always seems to us unanswerable. If Mother Francis Raphael and Rose Columba and countless other holy souls did wrong in leaving the Church of England, they ought in some measure to have forfeited God's more special graces, and to be visited by some sort of spiritual blight. So far from that, their after-lives show a heroism and sanctity which none will venture to contest. He would

be a bold man, we think, who would maintain that if the two holy souls of whom we have been speaking had walked in the footsteps of Miss Sellon or Helen Monsell, they would have risen to a still higher perfection than they actually attained in the school of Mother Margaret. Or again, if the means of higher perfection were to be found indifferently in either communion, we might expect that those who pass over to Rome, and especially the most fervent amongst them, would discover that there was no more abundant flow of graces in the Catholic Church than in the Anglicanism which they had left behind, and their conscience would prompt them to hasten to repair the slight they had undeservedly cast upon their first and natural mother. Surely some at least of those who had been most courageous in sacrificing all for conscience, and in taking upon themselves the austerities of religious life, would also have the strength of mind to avow their error when they found that they were wrong. We should expect them to return to Anglicanism, and to help to raise the standard of religious life among their former friends by the ardour of their own pursuit of perfection. But is it so? There are converts no doubt who go back. But they are not those who made the most heroic sacrifices to become Catholics, neither are they wont by the splendour of their virtues to reflect any great credit upon the Anglican communion to which they return. Is there one single case of any man or woman of conspicuously earnest life who after entering Religion in the Catholic Church has gone back to strive after perfection by celibacy and self-conquest in some community of the Church of England? On the contrary, it is the holiest, the most mortified, and the most generous of "Rome's recruits," who, after peopling her seminaries and monasteries and convents, share Mother Drane's views of the hollowness of Anglicanism and are the most zealous in rescuing all they can from the chains of interest or sentiment which bind them. We have been led by the books before us to speak of one small congregation only amongst all the Religious Orders in England. There is hardly a convent or a monastery in Great Britain in which there are not some and often many inmates who have been brought from Protestantism to the light of the true faith, and as those best know whose privilege it is to minister on occasion to their spiritual needs, there are many and very many amongst

them who in accordance with the spirit of their different rules are leading lives not less noble in their untiring struggle after perfection than those of the two holy nuns whose history we have been studying.

We can imagine an opponent urging that many of these souls have never known what was best in Anglicanism. It may be true of some, but certainly not of the majority. In Miss Drane's case at least she had made her first confession to Pusey, and for some time was under the direction of Keble. Yet this is how she speaks of him :

"Keble, I think, was an unsatisfactory director. He was kind, amiable, and his own humble, pious character made itself felt in his letters and personal intercourse. But he never laid hands on the soul, or even attempted it, and his directions were always in the way of 'suggestions.' The burning question of confession was at once brought forward, and Keble's direction was amusingly original if not theological. The way he 'suggested' of settling it was this : 'Write out your general confession and send it to me ; then go to church and listen to the *general absolution* with great reverence ; and that will do until you can make it in person. Meanwhile, keep a copy of your confession, and read it over on certain more solemn days, Fridays, or eves of the greater feasts' ! A pleasant way of preparing for one's 'greater feasts,' and a nice sort of feeling that one's unhappy 'general' was always locked up in one's private desk ready for use ! But I do not intend to be savage, and indeed I loved and revered Keble greatly, only I felt I had shot an arrow's length beyond the mark he aimed at ; I do not mean in goodness, God forbid ! but in apprehension of what the Catholic sacraments really meant. For, in fact, to write out one's sins and post them, and then go to church and make-believe that the *misereatur vestri* of the public service is your own private and particular absolution, was too transparent a sham for me to succeed in practising. I tried it, and was too much ashamed of the absurdity ever to try it again. With the profoundest respect for one so venerable as he undoubtedly was, I felt that I was asking for bread and he was giving me a stone."

No doubt there is much that is good to be found among Anglicans. We have the most sincere respect for the natural virtue, the spirit of prayer, the genuine self-sacrifice, often conspicuous in their lives. But there is a science of religious perfection higher and nobler, which it is given to some of them to talk about, but to few we think to understand and to carry into effect. Mother Drane understood it and practised it, and

¹ Pp. xlix. l.

she has given expression to the result in these beautiful lines from her poem called "Loss and Gain."

Thou hast lost what the world holds dear ;
Ah, well for thee that it died !
Fold it up and put it aside,
And weep for it never a tear.
O empty heart ! O weary breast !
Never below shalt thou make thy nest.
It must not be ;
The human home, the earthly rest
Is not for thee !

But oh ! what hast thou won ?
A love that is ever pure,
A love that shall aye endure
When the sands of life are run :
Then, mourner from the dust arise !
Thine are no fragile, earth-born ties
Which part and sever,
But Love Divine, which never dies,
Is thine, for ever !¹

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ P. lxvii.

The Blue Book on Education, 1894—1895.

THERE is nothing very appetizing in the outward appearance of a Blue Book. Its solidity and freedom from ornament convey the impression that treasures of wisdom and experience are garnered up within its faultlessly printed pages. But to test this impression by the reading of the Blue Book is another story, one of those things we instinctively put off doing till to-morrow. And so, though Blue Books flow from Her Majesty's Stationery Office in a never-ending stream, they come and go unheeded; they suffer perhaps, because, like other forms of advice, they are plentiful and mostly good.

I have been exploring within the depths of a Blue Book, not entirely from choice, but because it is one of the miscellaneous annual duties of a school manager. I have no intention of making any detailed examination of its solid pages, one thousand two hundred, more or less, but to comment upon some facts and figures which may interest Catholic readers.

I.

The first point of interest is the number of schools and scholars. There are now under inspection 19,756 Elementary Schools, of which 14,750 are Voluntary, and the remaining 5,000 Board Schools, speaking approximately. Voluntary Schools are attended by 2,448,037 children, and Board Schools by 1,777,797. This shows how extensive has been the work of Voluntary Schools in the past. The registers of these schools contain the names of 5,235,887 scholars, from which number we get an average attendance of 4,225,834. The difference between the number of children who might attend and the number actually attending, is consequently 1,010,053. Figures like this read quite satisfactorily in a Parliamentary report, but there is a significance in them which does not appear on the surface, and school managers learn to realize the true inwardness of this little sum in subtraction. It comes home to managers in this way, that

whereas they have to provide school accommodation, playgrounds, teachers, desks, maps, reading-books, kindergarten materials, cloak-rooms, separate hat-pegs, and all necessary apparatus for an odd five million of children, all of whom attend school at some time or other, the Education Department only pay for the four million odd which forms the arithmetical average. Managers collectively educate 1,010,053 children, for whom they pay, but for whom they receive no payment whatever. The unfairness of the arrangement would be seen quickly enough in other matters, but it passes unnoticed in the matter of Elementary Education. Suppose an Act of Parliament obliged manufacturers to supply the War Department with Lee-Metford rifles, as schools are obliged by law to receive and teach children, and then arranged that payment was to be made, not for each individual rifle, but for the calculated weekly average output, and by this means found itself the possessor of 1,010,053 rifles for which it had paid absolutely nothing. Would this be considered fair and honourable dealing? The burden is spread over many schools, and so it is minimized, but it is an unfair arrangement, by which the Department reaps financial benefit at the expense of school managers.¹ It is a minor grievance, perhaps unavoidable, but this fact remains, that while Government professes to pay for educational work done, a great deal more work is exacted than is paid for. In other forms of work, is not this known by an ugly name?

II.

During the past school year, the supporters of Voluntary Schools have contributed £808,553 towards the support of their 2,448,037 children, while the public rates (*also* out of the pockets of the said subscribers) have furnished £1,704,371 for the 1,777,797 children in Board Schools—a much larger sum for the benefit of a much less number of children. The Report does justice to the spirit in which the enormous demands of the Education Department has been met by Voluntary Schools. One of the chief Inspectors says:²

The result is that the call upon the managers has elicited a really splendid response. As a sample of the energy that has been displayed

¹ As a concrete example, take my own school. The difference between the number who sometimes attend and the average attendance is 160, for which number everything has to be supplied, but for which number not a solitary penny is paid.

² P. 25.

and of the sacrifices that have been made by managers in my own district, I may point to Derby. The sums spent upon the Voluntary Schools will not fall short of £10,000. . . . In many cases subscriptions to large amounts have been raised to meet the demand for improvement. The Voluntary Schools have strengthened their own hands in several ways. Besides establishing, by the sacrifices they have made, a claim upon public consideration, their schools will be carried on under more favourable conditions.

If pecuniary sacrifices, scattered up and down this Blue Book, are any test of the depth of conviction, there are many evidences of the hold the Voluntary system has on English people. And not pecuniary sacrifices alone, but one Inspector notices in Winchester¹—

A curious co-operation of all the Voluntary Schools, consisting of ten Church of England, one Roman Catholic, and one Wesleyan, all willingly rating themselves for school purposes.

No doubt, Circular 321, calling attention to defects in school buildings, has made heavy demands upon school managers. No one, however, could say that this was unnecessary, and I think the actual situation is neatly summed up by the Inspector who says:²

Circular 321 has been most useful. There are few schools which have not been very much improved by it. Even the managers, who naturally did not like having to find the money, have one and all, I think, rejoiced when the alterations were completed.

Coming to financial details, we find that each scholar in a Board School costs £2 8s. 9¼d., while the corresponding cost in Voluntary Schools is £1 18s. 1¾d., a saving of 10s. 8d. per child. It is to be supposed that the extra expenditure in Board Schools should produce results correspondingly great. The average financial results tabulated in the Blue Book, and quoted as evidence of success, give a grant of 19s. 3½d. for each Board School scholar, against 18s. 6¼d. for the Voluntary School unit; which seems to show that Board Schools spend 10s. 8d. in order to gain 9¼d. Statistics, however, like the milk and butter on our breakfast-tables, are not always exactly what they seem. The surplus shown to the advantage of the Board Schools is partially susceptible of an explanation not conveyed by the bare simplicity of mere figures. A little study of the Code and of its working in

¹ P. 3.

² P. 2.

practice, will show that Board Schools draw largely from a source of income which is practically closed to Voluntary Schools, so that the resulting average receipt is taken from *two* forms of grant, and then pitted against the results gained by schools which draw from *one* only.¹ There is no intentional misleading in this matter, yet the simple quoting of results without any indication of the various processes by which those results have been obtained is distinctly misleading. Let me explain. After children have reached the Fourth Standard, they are allowed by Article 101 of the Education Code, to take up any *two* of the following "specific" subjects:

Algebra.	Chemistry.	Botany.	French.
Euclid.	Physics.	Principles of Agriculture.	Latin.
Mechanics.	Hygiene.	Navigation.	German.
Mensuration.	Animal Physiology.	Horticulture.	Shorthand.

And (Article 16) any subject submitted to an Inspector and approved by him. For each of these subjects, a grant of 3s. or 2s. is made, according to merit.

From a variety of circumstances, Board Schools are largely able to take up "specific" subjects, and Voluntary Schools are not; mainly, because the funds for the payment of those who can teach such subjects are not forthcoming. Consequently each Board School scholar above the fourth standard, can draw upon a source of income which may add 6s. per unit, in addition to the one source of income open to the less wealthy Voluntary Schools. Last year, 99,305 children in Board Schools were paid 3s. and 2s. per unit, against 1,293 in Catholic schools. The sum gained by these children, £24,563, naturally raises the average grant in Board Schools. Voluntary Schools of course are free to take up these subjects, just as a penniless man is free to buy bread. But as they do not, and for the present for financial reasons they cannot, it is hardly quite accurate to say statistics show that they are outdone in results by the Board Schools, which add to their income the relatively large extra grant gained for "specific" subjects, and then set off the combined total against the simple grant which forms the only source of Government income to the poorer Voluntary Schools.

In the interest of Catholic schools, I should like to

¹ Strictly speaking, there are three forms of grant: one for *obligatory* subjects, another for *class* subjects, and the third for *specific* subjects; but all schools take *class* subjects, so we may speak of two forms of grant.

dissect some more statistics. The Blue Book¹ gives the comparative cost and earnings of a number of Voluntary and Board Schools in the large towns. Let us take Preston (as a town where Catholics have more fair play and are in a better position than ordinary to conduct their own schools, though they have none of the advantages of Board Schools), let us see how a Preston school compares with the average Board School. Taking the United Kingdom, the average cost of a Board School unit is £2 8s. 9¾d., the cost of the Preston unit is £2 os. 3½d., a saving of 8s. 6d. per unit. Yet with this modest expenditure, better results are obtained, for while the average Board School unit gains 19s. 3½d., the Prestonian gains 19s. 9¾d.—more than sixpence in advance. Satisfactory as this is, it is under the mark as regards the Catholic schools, and furnishes an instructive example showing how general statistics, though perfectly honest, may not reach the truth in individual instances. The Catholic average is considerably lowered by including the smaller amounts gained by the other schools in the town, as may be seen by the following table :

Catholic Schools.	Averages.	Other Schools.	Averages.
English Martyrs	£1 0 10½	Church of England	£0 18 2½
St. Austin . . .	1 0 3¾	Wesleyan	0 19 0½
St. Ignatius . .	1 0 11¾	Nonconformist . .	0 18 2
St. Joseph . . .	1 0 6½		
St. Walburge . .	1 0 11¾		
St. Wilfrid . . .	1 0 5½		

This gives an average of £1 os. 8¾d. for the Catholic schools of Preston, against 19s. 3¾d. for the average Board Schools of the United Kingdom. If the Catholic schools could all take "specific" subjects, this average would be largely increased. Even as it is, the Catholic schools gain 1s. 5d. *more*, and spend 8s. 6d. *less* per scholar, as compared with the Board system.

III.

I have mentioned "specific subjects," and I think this feature of the Elementary Education Code should have received more general attention. The Education Code is not anybody's business in particular; it is never two years quite the same, and the Minister who has charge of the Parliamentary patchwork annually laid on the table of the Houses of Parliament—by

¹ P. xxiii.

which extremely simple process it becomes law¹—generally inclines to take the view of the permanent officials, who know and modify the Code. Members of Parliament, as a rule, know nothing of the Code, and do not care to open their lips lest they should make this ignorance public. I believe in the honesty, good sense, and excellent intentions of the permanent officials, but of necessity they live too much in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and are not sufficiently in touch with the actualities of life upon the surface of the globe. I suppose these officials conceived the beautiful theory of raising the education of the masses by the introduction of “specific subjects” into Elementary Schools, but the theory does not work out beautiful in practice: this introduction quite changes the character of the schools, and constitutes a grievance. I am not finding fault with the subjects themselves, by all means let them be taught in the proper places, but to introduce such subjects as Algebra and Euclid, Chemistry and Physics, Navigation and Animal Physiology in free “Elementary” Schools, designed for the poorest classes, where the majority of the children are poorly fed, poorly clothed, and poorly housed, and generally leave school before they are thirteen, is a real mistake of a two-fold character. In the first place, *all* schools cannot pay a staff capable of teaching such subjects, and yet when statistics are compiled and Blue Books published, the schools which cannot teach these subjects are compared with those which can. This produces a false impression as to the value and really good work done by the really Elementary Schools; while the obligatory subjects, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Drawing, Needlework, Musical Drill, Singing by note, History, Geography, Cookery, and suitable object lessons, may be excellently taught, such schools may figure very low down when compared with the schools which can draw upon the extra grant of 6s. per head. There is another objection. Teachers are much tempted to neglect their humdrum work, and their humdrum scholars, in order to devote themselves to the more brilliant pupils, and of subjects more entertaining than plain reading and simple arithmetic. The beautiful theory deserves to fail, and I rejoice to see that it is failing. Such expressions as, “Specific subjects have disappeared,” “Specific

¹ Day School Code, Article 131: “The Department may *modify, cancel, or establish new Articles*, but may not take any action thereon until the same shall have lain on the table of both Houses for at least one calendar month.”

subjects are now seldom attempted," "These subjects are at present virtually extinct, because the time table is already overloaded," are of frequent occurrence in this Blue Book ; and one Inspector well expresses the view I should defend, when he says,¹ "Unless an unusual strength of school staff were provided, no time-table was found capacious enough to contain *any* specific subject." Yet last year over £24,000 was spent in unfairly handicapping some schools, and tabulating results as if all schools shared alike. These subjects are not wanted in Elementary Schools, and have been introduced for the benefit of a class who could afford to send their children to Higher Grade Schools ; ratepayers should not be taxed to meet, as Mr. Perez expresses it,² "the ambitious desires of parents belonging to a somewhat higher social scale than that of most of the parents of the children who attend Elementary Schools."

There is another abuse which has crept in, not a little in consequence of the artificial elevation of certain elementary schools. These schools were intended for the children of the poor, but the poorer children are often enough ousted from the schools designed for them, and supported by public money for them, and drift into Catholic schools, where such exist, or run wild in the streets. No Reports will give us the true state of Elementary Education so long as the present system of grouping together schools which teach "specific" subjects and those which do not, and tabulating the results as if all schools were on a real and not on an artificial, Parliament-made, equality. It is like publishing the results of the marching of various regiments, and calling attention to the greater distance covered by some, while omitting to mention that these regiments, being cavalry, had horses to help them.

IV.

Allowing the necessary discount for specific subjects, I do not see that the Blue Book returns, properly interpreted, prove any inferiority on the part of Voluntary Schools beyond what is directly attributable to the smallness of the funds at their disposal. No doubt small schools, and most Voluntary Schools in country districts are small, must compare unfavourably with the large and well equipped town schools. But if Voluntary Schools of this class are badly managed, not "managed" at all in fact, we are told³—

¹ P. 13.

² P. 37.

³ P. 5.

The climax is reached in the country Board School. True indeed it is that a few of these are well managed; but in by far the most there is no management at all worthy of the name, there is no pride in progress, nay, the very reverse. Additional subjects mean additional staff, additional apparatus: *the rates must be kept down*, the school starved, the teacher underpaid; and sometimes if the Inspector does not sternly forbid it, some raw, young, untrained and even stupid relative of one of the members of the School Board is foisted on to the existing staff.

Information like this helps to lift the veil which shrouds the dim future when Board Schools may be universal. The thrifty husbandman who sits on the Board and who assesses the rates, will be intelligent enough to know that they will come out of his own pocket, so he will have but one gospel, "The rates must be kept down."

As a contrast to this, the Blue Book returns prove what an immense saving Voluntary Schools have been and are to rate and tax-payers. Besides the original value of the land and the buildings of the 14,000 schools, it would be under the mark to say that at least £10,000,000 have been spent in improvements since 1870. In addition to this, Voluntary Schools have annually raised a sum equal to their grant. Last year this amounted to £2,226,543, say roughly two millions a year. The suppression of Voluntary Schools would mean this addition to our national taxation, besides the cost of land and the new buildings to be erected. The average building cost of Board Schools is £13 per child, multiply this by the 2,500,000 children in Voluntary Schools, and we get a rough estimate of over £32,000,000, as the cost of transference or building—for which expenditure we should get no national advantage.¹ The Voluntary system means an annual saving to the country of quite £3,500,000; I fail to see the wisdom or patriotism of those who would lightly add this burden to our shoulders by crushing out the Voluntary Schools. Meanwhile the raising of such sums from Voluntary subscribers is very burdensome, and the pressure upon Voluntary Schools is well shown by the fact that the Blue Book records the transference to Board Schools of 919 Church of England, 256 British, and 21 Wesleyan

¹ The recent laws concerning funds held on trust for educational purposes have caused the transference to Board Schools of many buildings built for denominational purposes—almost free of expense to School Boards—a real form of Government confiscation.

schools—though in spite of the pressure to which these have succumbed, not one single Catholic school has changed hands.

V.

The teaching staff in Elementary Schools consists of 50,689 certified teachers, 26,067 assistant teachers, and 28,579 pupil teachers, a total of 105,135, which gives an average of forty children to each teacher. A noticeable feature is the large increase of uncertified female teachers under Article 68.¹ From 5,681 in the year 1891, in 1894 they had risen to 10,196. While women teachers are in great demand, there is a considerable falling off in the supply of male teachers.²

The difficulty of finding men for assistants, or boys for pupil teachers, increases yearly. They are being replaced in boys' schools and mixed, by women and girls, to the distinct and obvious advantage of the children. . . . As certified assistants, or ex-pupil teachers especially in the lower standards, women are proving their superiority to men, especially in their manner, method, intelligence, and devotion to duty. The greater progress made in class subjects is due to these feminine qualities. . . . Where they fail, is in arithmetic, grammar, and the studies of a severer sort, demanding close attention, grasp of principles, and reasoning out. . . . In the near future men will be found (and rightly so) as head teachers and assistants in the large boys' schools of towns only.

The falling off in the supply of Catholic male teachers is remarkable. In 1871, the Training Colleges contained 70 Catholic men and 73 women, but in 1895, the numbers are 46 men and 169 women. Men as teachers are expensive, and though good masters are well worth their high salaries, poverty and experience have caused many managers to dispense with them in favour of cheaper, more reliable, and in many cases not less efficient female teaching. The Blue Book then suggests an answer to parents who are wondering what to do with their daughters—make them teachers.

In the matter of salaries there is much diversity. For certified masters they vary from £50 to over £300 a year, and for mistresses from £40 to over £200. In Board Schools 384 masters receive over £300, in the same schools 563 mistresses

¹ Art. 68: "In mixed and girls' schools, a woman over eighteen years of age . . . is recognized as an additional teacher." Addition in Code for 1895: "In boys' schools a woman over eighteen employed for the instruction of scholars in Standards I. II. or III. is recognized as an additional teacher."

² P. 21.

receive £200 and over, the average for men being £122, and for women £80. Voluntary School salaries are somewhat lower, being £120 for men and £70 for women, and they have few chances of obtaining the prize salaries open to Board School teachers.

There is matter for reflection when we are told that masters in 384 Elementary Schools receive over £300 a year; certainly not for teaching elementary matter. I suppose they organize, and direct, and act the part of a minor Providence. If they also teach specific and advanced subjects, is it not derogatory to its real dignity to call a school presided over by such an exalted personage "Elementary"? And should the Blue Book classify it with the humble *bona fide* Elementary School, and pile up figures woefully to the disadvantage of the latter?

Teachers of course have the right to obtain the highest possible remuneration for their services. They are an indispensable body of public servants, and their work is hard. Yet their hours of labour cannot be compared with those of mercantile clerks for instance, neither have these latter a pension to look forward to. Teachers have two free days in the week—104 in the year—and holidays at Christmas and Midsummer. But such salaries as £300 are apt to throw the minds of many out of balance, and foment discontent which would not exist if a simple change of name was made, and a definite classification of schools into Elementary, Higher Grade or Intermediate, Continuation, and so on, up to Secondary and University education.

I must not write a complete commentary on this Blue Book. I think we may gather from it that Voluntary Schools on the whole do the work of real Elementary Education well and cheaply, that our Elementary education is still in an unclassified state, that the Department has fallen in love with some theories, for which the practical evidence of the prosaic Blue Book should provide a cure, and that a Blue Book, big as it is, requires footnotes and comments, without which the cursory reader might easily receive the impression that black is a very superior variety of white.

W. D. STRAPPINI.

An Apostle of Naturalism.

"A man that could look no way but downwards, with a muck-rake in his hand" and "did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and the dust of the floor. . . . Then said Christiana, 'Oh, deliver me from this muck-rake.'"—*Bunyan*.

MR. BALFOUR, in his much-reviewed recent work on the *Foundations of Belief*, has given us a very critical description and a masterly refutation of a certain form or species of popular philosophy which he styles Naturalism, and under which he includes the many various schools which agree in the first principle that nothing is true but what can be justified by those axiomatic truths which every-day experience forces upon our acceptance, not indeed as self-evident, but as inevitable, unless we are to be incapacitated for practical life. It is essentially the philosophy of the unphilosophical, that is, of those who believe what they are accustomed to believe, and because they are so accustomed; who are incapable of distinguishing between the subjective necessity imposed by habits and the objective necessity founded in the nature of things. It is no new philosophy, but as old as the first dawn of philosophic thought, for it is the form towards which the materialistic mind naturally gravitates. Given a population sufficiently educated to philosophize in any fashion, and of necessity the bent of the majority will be in the direction of some form of Naturalism. Hence we find that the "Agnosticism" of Professor Huxley is eminently suited to the capacity and taste of the semi-educated and less than semi-Christianized majorities in our large centres of civilization. Still it must not be supposed that the majority really philosophizes at all even to this extent. The pressure of life renders it morally impossible. But they like to think that they do so. The whole temper of mind, begotten at the Protestant Reformation and matured by the rationalistic school, is self-sufficiency: every man his own prophet, priest, and king; every man his own philosopher.

Hence, he who poses as a teacher of the people will not be tolerated. The theorist must come forward with an affectation of modesty, as into the presence of competent critics; he must only expose his wares, win for himself a hearing, and then humbly wait for the *placet* of the sovereign people. But plainly this is merely a conventional homage to a theory that no serious mind really believes in. We know well enough, as Mr. Balfour in the work referred to has pointed out at some length, that the opinions and beliefs of the multitude are formed almost entirely by tradition, imitation, interest, by in fact any influence rather than that of pure reason. Taught they are, and taught they must be, however they repudiate it. But the most successful teachers and leaders are those who contrive to wound their sense of intellectual self-sufficiency least, and to offer them the strong food of dogmatic assertion sugared over and sparkling with the show of wit and reason.

Philosophy for the million may be studied profitably in one of its popular exponents whose works have gained wide currency among the class referred to. Mr. S. Laing is a very fair type of the average mind-leader, owing his great success to his singular appreciation of the kind of treatment needed to secure a favourable hearing. We do not pretend to review Mr. Laing's writings for their own sake, but simply as good specimens of a class, which is historically rather than philosophically interesting.

We have before us three of his most popular books: *Modern Science and Modern Thought* (nineteenth thousand), *Problems of the Future* (thirteenth thousand), *Human Origins* (twelfth thousand), to which we shall refer as M.S., P.F., H.O., in this article; taking the responsibility of all italics on ourselves, unless otherwise notified. We do not address ourselves to Mr. Laing or to his sympathizers. There is an unbelief which has something sad and pitiful about it, like that of Pilate, and an unbelief which is best rebuked by silence, like that of Herod.

Mr. Laing is not regretfully forced into materialism by some mental confusion or obscurity, but he revels in it, and invites all to taste and see how gracious a philosophy it is. There is an ill-concealed levity and coarseness in his handling of religious subjects which breaks,

At seasons, through the gilded pale,

and which warns us from casting reasons before those who would but trample them under foot. It is rather for the sake

of those who read such literature, imprudently perhaps, but with no sympathy, and yet find their imagination perplexed and puzzled with a swarm of minute sophistries and difficulties, collectively bewildering, though contemptible singly, that we think it well to form some estimate of the philosophical value of such works.

Nothing in our study of Mr. Laing surprised us more than to discover¹ that he had lived for more than the Scriptural span of three-score and ten years, a life of varied fortunes and many experiences. It seemed to us incredible that any man of even average thoughtfulness could, after so many years, find life without God, without immortality, without definite meaning or assignable goal, "worth living," and that "to be born in a civilized country in the nineteenth century is a boon for which a man can never be sufficiently thankful."² [Thankful to whom? one might ask parenthetically.] In other words, he is a bland optimist, and has nothing but vials of contempt to pour upon the pessimists, from Ecclesiastes down to Carlyle. Pessimism, we are told confidently, is not an outcome of just reasoning on the miserable residue of hope which materialism leaves to us, but of the indisposition "of those digestive organs upon which the sensation of health and well-being so mainly depends." "It is among such men, with cultivated intellects, sensitive nerves, and bad digestion, that we find the prophets and disciples of pessimism."³ The inference is, that men of uncultivated intellects, coarse nerves, and ostrich livers will coincide with Mr. Laing in his sanguine view of the ruins of religion. Your sorrowing dyspeptic asks in despair: "Son of man, thinkest thou that these dry bones will live again?" "I'm cock-sure of it," answers Mr. Laing, and the ground of his assurance is the healthiness of his liver.

Carlyle, who in other matters is, according to Mr. Laing, a great genius, a more than prophet of the new irreligion, on this point suddenly collapses into "a dreadful croaker," styling his own age "barren, brainless, soulless, faithless."⁴ But the reason is, of course, that "he suffered from chronic dyspepsia" and was unable "to eat his three square meals a day." A very consistent explanation for a bald materialist, but slightly destructive to the value of his own conclusions, being a two-edged sword. Indeed he almost allows as much. "For such dyspeptic patients there is an excuse. Pessimism

¹ M.S. 319.² *Ibid.* 319.³ *Ibid.* 229, 230.⁴ P.F. 279.

is probably as inevitably their creed, as optimism is for the more fortunate mortals who enjoy the *mens sana in corpore sano*.¹ However, there are some pessimists for whom indigestion can plead no excuse,² but for whose intellectual perversity some other cosmic influence must be sought "behind the veil, behind the veil," to borrow Mr. Laing's favourite line from his favourite poem. These are not only "social swells, would-be superior persons and orthodox theologians, but even a man of light and learning like Mr. F. Harrison." "Religion, they say, is becoming extinct. . . . Without a lively faith in such a personal, ever-present deity who listens to our prayers, . . . [and so on] there can be, they say, no religion; and they hold, and I think rightly hold, that the only support for such a religion is to be found in the assumed inspiration of the Bible and the Divinity of Christ." "Destroy these and they think the world will become vulgar and materialized, losing not only the surest sanction of morals, but . . . the spiritual aspiration and tendencies, [and the rest of it]."³ "To these gloomy forebodings I venture to return a positive and categorical denial. . . . Scepticism has been the great sweetener of modern life."⁴ How he justifies his denial by maintaining that morality can hold its own when reduced to a physical science; that the "result of advancing civilization" and of the materialistic psychology is "a clearer recognition of the intrinsic sacredness and dignity of every human soul;"⁵ that Christianity without dogma, without miracles [or, as he calls it, "Christian agnosticism"], shall retain the essential spirit, the pure morality, the consoling beliefs (*sic*), and as far as possible the venerable form and sacred (!) associations of the old faith," may appear later on. At present we are concerned directly with pointing out how Mr. Laing's optimism at once marks him off from those men who, whether believing or misbelieving or unbelieving, have thought deeply and felt deeply, who have seen clearly that materialism leaves nothing for man's soul but the husks of the swine; who have therefore boldly faced the inevitable alternative between spiritualistic philosophy and hope, and materialism with its pessimistic corollary. That a man may be a materialist or atheist and enjoy life thoroughly, who does not know? but then it is just at the expense of his manhood, because he lives without thought, reflection, or aspiration, *i.e.*, materialistically. Mr. Laing no doubt, as he confesses, has lived pleasantly enough. He has

¹ P.F. 280.² *Ibid.*³ *Ibid.* 281, 282.⁴ *Ibid.*⁵ *Ibid.* 210.

found in what he calls science an endless source of diversion, he betrays himself everywhere as a man of intense intellectual curiosity in every direction, and yet withal so little concerned with the roots of things, so easily satisfied with a little plausible coherence in a theory, as not to have found truth an apparently stern or exacting mistress, not to have felt the anguish of any deep mental conflict. His intellectual labours have been pleasurable because easy, and, in his own eyes, eminently fruitful and satisfactory. He has adopted an established cause, thrown himself into it heart and soul; others indeed had gone before him and laboured, and he has entered into their labours. Indeed, he is frank in disclaiming all originality of discovery or theory;¹ he has not risked the disappointment and anxiety of improving on the Evolution Gospel, but he has collected and sorted and arranged and published the evidence obtained by others. This has always furnished him with an interest in life;² but whether it be a rational interest or not depends entirely on the usefulness or hurtfulness of his work. He admits, however, that though life for him has been worth living, "some may find it otherwise from no fault of their own, more by their own fate."³ But all can lead fairly happy lives by following his large-type platitudinous maxim, "Fear nothing, make the best of everything."⁴ In other words, the large majority, who are not and never can be so easily and pleasantly circumstanced as Mr. Laing, are told calmly to make the best of it and to rejoice in the thought that their misery is a necessary factor in the evolution of their happier posterity. This is the new gospel: *Pauperes evangelizantur*—"Good news for the poor."⁵ "Progress and not happiness" is the end we are told to make for, over and over again; but, progress towards what, is never explained, nor is any basis for this duty assigned. Indeed, duty means nothing for Mr. Laing but an inherited instinct, which if we choose to disobey or if we happen not to possess, who shall blame us or talk to us of "oughts"?

And now to consider more closely the grounds of Mr. Laing's very cheerful view of a world in which, for all we know, there is no soul, no God, and certainly no faith. Since of the two

¹ M.S. Preface.

² "These subjects . . . have been to me the solace of a long life, the delight of many quiet days, and the soother of many troubled ones, . . . a source of enjoyment.

The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being." (H.O. 3.)

³ M.S. 319.

⁴ *Ibid.* 320.

⁵ Cf. *Ibid.* 104, 282.

former we know and can no nothing, we must build our happiness, our morality, our "religion," on a basis whereof they form no part. He believes that morality will be able to hold its own distinct, not only from all belief in revelation, in a personal God, and in a spiritual soul, but in spite of a philosophy which by tracing the origin of moral judgments to mere physical laws of hereditary transmission of experienced utilities, robs them of all authority other than prudential, and convicts them of being illusory so far as they seem to be of higher than human origin.

Herein, as usual, he treads in the steps of Professor Huxley, "the greatest living master of English prose" (though why his mastery of prose should add to his weight as a philosopher, we have failed to see so far). "Such ideas *evidently* come from education, and are not the results either of inherited instinct¹ or of supernatural gift. . . . Given a being with man's brain, man's hands, and erect stature, *it is easy to see* how . . . rules of conduct . . . must have been formed and fixed by successive generations, according to the Darwinian laws."²

He tells us: "We may read the Athanasian Creed less, but we practise Christian charity more in the present than in any former age."³ "Faith has diminished, charity increased."⁴

Of moral principles, he says: "Why do we say that . . . they carry conviction with them and prove themselves? . . . Still, there they are, and being what they are . . . it requires no train of reasoning or laboured reflection to make us *feel* that 'right is right,' and that it is *better* for ourselves and others to act on such precepts . . . rather than to reverse these rules and obey the selfish promptings of animal nature."⁵ "It is *clearly* our highest wisdom to follow right, not from selfish calculation, . . . but because 'right is right.' . . . For practical purposes it is comparatively unimportant how this standard got there . . . as an absolute imperative rule."⁶ As to the apprehended ill effect of agnosticism on morals, he says: "The foundations of morals⁷ are fortunately built on solid rock and not on shifting

¹ This expression seems inconsistent with his here and elsewhere explicit maintenance of the hereditary transmission of gathered moral experiences. He means here to exclude innate ideas of morality as explained by Kant and by other intuitionists.

² M.S. 180. ³ *Ibid.* 285. ⁴ *Ibid.* 216. ⁵ *Ibid.* 294. ⁶ *Ibid.* 298, 299.

⁷ P.F. 297. "The truth is that morals are built on a far surer foundation than that of creeds, which are here to-day and gone to-morrow. They are built on the solid rock of experiences, and of the 'survival of the fittest,' which in the long evolution of the human race from primeval savages, have by 'natural selection' and 'heredity' become almost instinctive." (How careless is this terminology. In the last page he denies morality to be a matter of hereditary instinct.)

sand. It may truly be said in a great many cases that, as individuals and nations become more sceptical, they become more moral."¹ "*If there is one thing more certain than another in the history of evolution, it is that morals have been evolved by the same laws as regulate the development of species.*"²

These citations embody Mr. Laing's opinions on this point, and show very clearly his utter incapacity for elementary philosophic thought. Here, as elsewhere, as soon as he leaves the bare record of facts and embarks in any kind of speculation, he shows himself helpless; however, he tries to fortify his own courage and that of his readers, with "it is clear," "it is evident," "it is certain."

To say that "right is right," sounds very oracular; but it either means that "right" is an ultimate spring of action, inexplicable on evolutionist principles, or that right is the will of the strongest, or an illusory inherited foreboding of pain, or a calculation of future pleasure and pain, or something which, in no sense, is a true account of what men *do* mean by right. To say that moral principles "carry conviction with them, and prove themselves" (*i.e.*, are self-evident), unless, as we suspect, it is mere verbiage conveying nothing particular to Mr. Laing's brain, is to deny that right has reference to the consequences of action as bearing on human progress and evolution, which is to deny the very theory he wishes to uphold. No intuitionist could have spoken more strongly. Then we are assured that we "feel" rightness, or that "right is right"—apparently as a simple irresolvable quality of certain actions—and with same breath, that "it is *better* for ourselves and others to act on these rules," where he jumps off to utilitarianism again; and then we are forbidden to "obey the selfish impulses of our animal nature." A strange prohibition for one who sees in us nothing but animal nature, who denies us any free power to withstand its impulses. Then it is "clearly our highest wisdom to follow right"—an appeal to prudential motives—"not from any selfish calculations"—a repudiation of prudential motives—"but because 'right is right'"—an appeal to a blind unreasoning instinct, and a prohibition to question its authority. We are told that for practical purposes it matters little whence this absolute imperative rule originates. Was there ever a more unpractical and short-sighted assertion! Convince men that the dictates of conscience are those of fear or selfishness, that they are all mere

¹ P.F. 206.

² *Ibid.* 207.

animal instincts, that they are anything less than divine, and who will care for Mr. Laing's appeal to blind faith in the "rightness of right"? As long as Christian tradition lives on, as it will for years among the masses, the effects of materialist ethics will not be felt; but as these new theories filter down from the few to the many, they will inevitably produce their logical consequences in practical matters. No one with open eyes can fail to see how the heaven is spreading already. Still the majority act and speak to a great extent under the influence of the old belief which they have repudiated in the freedom of man's will and the Divine origin of right. It is quite plain that Mr. Laing has either never had patience to think the matter out, or has found it beyond his compass. Having thus established morality on a foundation independent of religion and of everything else, making "right" rest on "right," he assumes the prophetic robe, and on the strength of his seventy years of experience and philosophy poses as a *Cato Major* for the edification of the semi-scientific millions of young persons to whom he addresses his volumes. We have a whole chapter on Practical Life,¹ on self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, full of portentous platitudes and ancient saws; St. Paul's doctrine of charity, and all that is best in the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, is liberated from its degrading association with the belief in a God who rewards and punishes.² We are "to act strenuously in that direction which, after *conscientious* inquiry, seems the best, . . . and trust to what religious men call Providence, and scientific men Evolution, for the result," and all this simply on the bold assertion of this venerable prophet whose sole aim is "to leave the world a little better rather than a little worse for my individual unit of existence."³

And here we may inquire parenthetically as to the motive which urges Mr. Laing to throw himself into the labours of the apostolate and to become such an active propagandist of agnosticism. We are told⁴ that the enlightened should be "liberal and tolerant towards traditional opinions and traditional practices, and trust with cheerful faith to evolution to bring about gradually changes of form," &c.; that the influence of the clergy is "on the whole exerted for good," and it is frankly acknowledged that Christianity has been a potent factor to the evolution of modern civilization. It has, however, nearly run its course, and the old order must give place to the new, *i.e.*, to

¹ M.S. 298.² P.F. 225-227.³ *Ibid.* 49.⁴ *Ibid.* 217, ff.

agnosticism. But even allowing, what we dare say Mr. Laing would not ask, that the speculative side of the new religion is fully defined and worked out, and ready to displace the old dogmatic creeds, yet its practical aspect is so vague that he writes: "I think the time is come when the intellectual victory of agnosticism is so far assured, that it behoves thinking men to *begin to consider* what practical results are likely to follow from it."¹ In the face of this confession we find Mr. Laing industriously addressing himself to "those who lack time and opportunity for studying,"² to the "minds of my younger readers, and of the working classes who are striving after culture,"³ "to what may be called the semi-scientific readers, . . . who have already acquired some elementary ideas about science," "to the millions;"⁴ and endeavouring by all means in his power to destroy the last vestige of their faith in that religion which alone provides for them a definite code of morality strengthened by apparent sanctions of the highest order, and venerable at least by its antiquity and universality.⁵ And while he is thus busily pulling down the old scaffolding, he is calmly *beginning* to consider the practical results. This is his method of "leaving the world a little better than he found it." He professes to understand and appreciate "In Memoriam." Has he ever reflected on the lines: "O thou that after toil and storm,"⁶ when the practical conclusion is—

Leave thou thy sister, when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy vows;
Nor thou with shadowed hint infuse
A life that leads melodious days,
Her faith through form is pure as thine,
Her hands are quicker unto good;
O sacred be the flesh and blood,
To which she links a truth divine.

On his own principles he is convicted of being a lover of mischief. No, these men are well aware that the moral sense which sound philosophy and Christian faith have developed, is still strong in the minds and deeper conscience of the English-speaking races, and that were they to present materialism in all its loathsome nudity to the public gaze, they would be hissed

¹ P.F. 204.

² M.S. Preface.

³ H.O. 3.

⁴ P.F. 3.

⁵ "The simple undoubting faith which for ages has been the support and consolation of a large portion of mankind, especially of the weak, the humble, the unlearned, who form an immense majority, cannot disappear without a painful wrench, and leaving for a time a great blank behind." (M.S. 284.)

⁶ xxxiii.

off the stage. And so they dress it up in the clothes of the old religion just for the present, with many a quiet wink between themselves at the expense of the "semi-scientific" reader.

We have already adverted to Mr. Laing's utter incapacity for anything like philosophy, except so far as that term can be applied to a power of raking together, selecting, and piling up into "a popular shape" the scraps of information which favour the view whose correctness he was convinced of ere he began. A few further remarks may justify this somewhat severe estimate. After stating that in the solution of life and soul problems, science stops short at germs and nucleated cells, he proceeds with the usual tirade against metaphysics: "Take Descartes' fundamental axiom: *Cogito ergo sum*. . . . Is it really an axiom? . . . If the fact that I am conscious of thinking proves the fact that I exist, is the converse true that whatever does not think does not exist? . . . Does a child only begin to exist when it begins to think? If *Cogito ergo sum* is an intuition to which we can trust, why is not *Non cogito ergo non sum*?"¹ Here is a man posing before the gaping millions as a philosopher and a severe logician, who thinks that the proposition, "every cow is a quadruped," is disproved by the evident falsehood of, "what is not a cow is not a quadruped," which he calls "the converse." The truth is, he wants us to believe that he has studied Descartes profoundly, and is moreover familiar with the dead languages. He sums up magnificently by saying: "These are questions to which no metaphysical system that I have ever seen, can return the semblance of an answer;" giving the impression of a life devoted to a deep and exhaustive study of all schools of philosophy. Mr. Laing here surely is addressing his "younger readers."

He tells us elsewhere² that, "when analyzed by science, spiritualism leads straight to materialism;" free-will "can be annihilated by the simple mechanical expedient of looking at a black wafer stuck on a white wall;" that if "Smith falls into a trance and believes himself to be Jones, he really is Jones, and Smith has become a stranger to him while the trance lasts. . . . I often ask myself the question, If he died during one of these trances, which would he be, Smith or Jones? and I confess it takes some one wiser than I am to answer it." Without pretending to be wiser than Mr. Laing, we hope it will not be too presumptuous for us to suggest that if Smith

¹ M.S. 291.

² P.F. 176.

dies in a trance *believing* himself to be Jones, he is under a delusion, and that he really is Smith. Else it will be very awkward for poor Jones, who in nowise believes himself to be Smith. Mr. Laing would have to break it gently to Jones, that, "in fact, my dear sir, Smith borrowed your personality, and unfortunately died before returning it; and as to whether you are yourself or Smith, as to whether you are alive or dead, 'I confess it takes some one wiser than I am to decide.'" That a man's own name, own surroundings, own antecedents, are all objects of his thought, and distinguished from the *self*, *ego*, or *subject* which contemplates them, has never suggested itself to Mr. Laing. That though Smith may mistake every one of these, yet the term "I" necessarily and invariably means the same for him, the one consistent to which every *non-ego* is opposed. And this from a man who elsewhere claims an easy familiarity with Kant. "Again what can be said of love and hate if under given circumstances they can be transformed into one another by a magnet?" What indeed? It is like the awful problem why the gold-fish make no difference in the weight of the globe of water.

His conclusion to these inquiries is: "When Shakespeare said, 'We are such stuff as dreams are made of,' he enumerates what has become (*sic*) a scientific fact. The 'stuff' is in all cases the same—vibratory motions of nerve particles."¹ Thus knowledge, self-consciousness, free-choice, is as much a function of matter as fermentation, or crystallization—a mode of motion, not dissimilar from heat, perhaps transformable therewith.

Recapitulating this farrago of nonsense on p. 188, he adds a new difficulty which ought to make him pause in his wild career. "What is the value of the evidence of the senses if a suggestion can make us see the hat, but not the man who wears it; or dance half the night with an imaginary partner? Am I 'I myself, I,' or am I a barrel-organ playing 'God save the Queen,' if the stops are set in the normal fashion, but the 'Marseillaise' if some cunning hand has altered them without my knowledge? These are questions which I cannot answer." He cannot answer a question on which the value of his whole system of physical philosophy depends; uncertain about his own identity, about the evidence of his senses, he would make the latter the sole rule and measure of certitude, and deny to man any higher faculty by which alone he can justify his trust

¹ P. 177.

in his cognitive faculties. Another instance of his absolute ignorance of common philosophic terminology is when he asserts that according to theology we know the dogmas of religion by "intuition."¹ This doctrine rests on Cardinal Newman's celebrated theory of the "Illative Sense." Surely a moment's reflection on the meaning of words, not to speak of a slight acquaintance with the book referred to, would have saved him from confounding two notions so sharply distinguished as "intuition" and "inference." Again, "There can be no doubt there are men often of great piety and excellence who have, or fancy they have, a sort of sixth sense, or, as Cardinal Newman calls it, an 'illative sense,' by which they see by intuition . . . things unprovable or disprovable by ordinary reason."² Can a man who makes such reckless travesties of a view which he manifestly has never studied, be credited with intellectual honesty? Doubtless, the semi-scientific millions will be much impressed by the wideness of Mr. Laing's reading and his profound grasp of all that he has read, when they are told casually that "space and time are, . . . to use the phraseology of Kant, 'imperative categories;'"³ but perhaps to other readers it may convey nothing more than that he has heard a dim something somewhere about Kant, about the categories, about space and time being schemata of sense, and about the *categorical imperative*." It is only one instance of the unscrupulous recklessness which shows itself everywhere. Akin to this is his absolute misapprehension of the Christian religion which he labours to refute. He never for a moment questions his perfect understanding of it, and of all it has got to say for itself. Brought up apparently among Protestants, who hold a verbal inspiration⁴ and literal interpretation of the Scriptures, who have no traditional or authoritative interpretation of it, he concludes at once that his own crude boyish conception of Christianity is the genuine one, and that every deviation therefrom is a "climbing down," or a minimizing. He has no suspicion that the wider views of interpretation are as old as Christianity itself, and have always co-existed with the narrower. He regards the Christian idea of God as

¹ P.F. 192.² P. 245.³ P.F. 222.

⁴ Thus he assumes Mr. Spurgeon's definition of inspiration as the basis of operations (See H.O. 189), and says, "It is perfectly obvious that for those who accept these confessions of faith . . . all the discoveries of modern science, from Galileo and Newton down to Lyall and Darwin, are simple delusions." It is rather hard that a Tabernacle ranter is to stand sponsor for Christianity.

essentially anthropomorphic. Indeed, whether in good faith or for the sake of effect, he brings forward the old difficulties which have been answered *ad nauseam* with an air of freshness, as though unearthed for the first time, and therefore as setting religion in new and unheard-of straits. So, at all events, it will seem to the millions of his young readers and to the working classes.

Let us follow him in some of his destructive criticism, or rather denunciations, in order to observe his mode of procedure. "The discoveries of science . . . make it impossible for *sincere* men to retain the faith," &c.,¹ therefore all who differ from Mr. Laing are insincere. "It is *absolutely certain* that portions of the Bible are not true; and those, important portions."² This is based on two premises which are therefore absolutely certain. (1) Mr. Laing's conclusions about the antiquity of man—of which more anon; (2) his baldly literal interpretation of the Bible as delivered to him in his early infancy. On p. 253, we have the ancient difficulty from the New Testament prophecy of the proximate end of the world, without the faintest indication that it was felt 1800 years ago, and has been dealt with over and over again. Papias³ is lionized⁴ in order to upset the antiquity of the four Gospels—which upsetting, however, depends on a dogmatic interpretation of an ambiguous phrase, and the absence of positive testimony. Here again there is no evidence that Mr. Laing has read any elementary text-book on the authenticity of the Gospels. He is "perfectly clear" as to the fourth Gospel being a forgery; again for reasons which he alone has discovered.⁵ Paul is the first inventor of Christian dogma, without any doubt or hesitation.

But "the undoubted results of modern science . . . shatter to pieces the whole fabric." "*It is as certain as that 2+2=4* that the world was not created in the manner described in Genesis." This is not bad for one who elsewhere plaintively sighs, "Behold, I know not anything."

¹ M.S. 215.

² *Ibid.* 251.

³ "The simple straightforward evidence of the earliest Christian writer who gives any account of their origin, viz., Papias." (P.F. 236.) "What does Papias say? Practically this: that he preferred oral tradition to written documents. . . . This is a *perfectly clear* and *intelligible* statement made apparently in good faith without any dogmatic or other prepossession. . . . It has always seemed to me that all theories . . . were comparatively worthless which did not take into account the *fundamental fact* of this statement of Papias." (238.) "The *clear* and *explicit* statement of Papias." (250.)

⁴ P. 258—260.

⁵ P. 262.

As regards harmonistic difficulties of the Old and New Testaments, he assumes the same confident tone of bold assertion without feeling any obligation to notice the solutions that have been suggested. It makes for his purpose to represent the orthodox as suddenly struck dumb and confounded by these amazing discoveries of his. He sees discrepancies everywhere in the Gospel narrative, *e.g.*:¹

"Judas' death is *differently* described." "Herod is introduced by Luke and not mentioned by the others." "Jesus carried His own Cross in one account, while Simon of Cyrene bore it in another. Jesus gave no answer to Pilate, says Matthew; He explains that His Kingdom was not of the world, says John. Mary His Mother sat (*sic*) at the foot of the Cross, according to St. John; it was not His Mother, but Mary the mother of Salome (*sic*) 'who beheld Him from afar,' according to Mark and Matthew. There was a guard set to watch the tomb, says Matthew; there is no mention of one by the others." At first we thought Mr. Laing must have meant *differences* and not discrepancies; but the following paragraph forbade so lenient an interpretation. "The only other mention of Mary by St. John, who describes her as sitting (*sic*) by the foot of the Cross, is apocryphal, being directly contradicted by the very precise statement² in the three other Gospels, that the Mary who was present on that occasion was a different woman, the mother of Salome." To our mind the man who is capable of such a puerile attempt at criticism is so manifestly below the common average of intelligence as to be unworthy of a hearing in any serious matter. Even his youngest readers ought to open their eyes at this. Similarly he thinks the omission of the Lord's Prayer by St. Mark tells strongly against its authenticity.³

G. TYRRELL.

¹ P.F. 266.

² With regard to this "very precise statement," it is noticeable that Matthew speaks of "Mary the mother of James and Josès;" Mark, of "Mary the mother of James the less and of Joseph and Salome," but not "of Salome." If Mr. Laing's precise mind had looked for a moment at the text he was criticizing he would have seen that Salome is a common name in the nominative case. St. Luke does not give the names of the women at all. These points are trifling in themselves, but important as evidencing Mr. Laing's standard of intellectual conscientiousness.

³ P.F. 235.

Recollections of Scottish Episcopalianism.

PART THE THIRD.

IN the neighbouring town of Aberdeen, my native town, I found among the High Churchmen, both clerical and lay, congenial society. At The Cove I had only the Laird, and I think that I preferred to him the society of the fishers, and most certainly the society of St. Thomas. In Aberdeen, at this period of my history, all had changed or was fast changing. It was a period of transition, a time of disintegration both in the educational and in the religious sphere. Marischal College—the “Mareschall College of Aberdeen,” of which Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket was always talking, in season and out of season, at every period of his adventures—was no longer in itself a University. It had been amalgamated with King's College in the one University of Aberdeen, with new ways to which I was a stranger, although at the time of the amalgamation I qualified and was established for life as a member of the General Council of the united University.

My old school, too, had disappeared—that is to say, the old school-buildings, and along with them the old school system. Latin we were well taught in my old school. It was the only thing that we really learned, and it was literally whipped into us. Beginning with Ruddiman's *Rudiments* and the *Colloquies* of Corderius, we read Cornelius Nepos, Cæsar, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Cicero, and Livy. Every Saturday we had a *version*. A piece of English was dictated to us by the master, and this we had then and there to turn into Latin, with the aid of a volume called the *Grammatical Exercises* and Ainsworth's *Dictionary*, which was the dictionary in almost universal use in the school. These books, along with pens, ink, and paper, we brought with us on the version-days. Our translations, or *versions*, we handed to the master as soon as they were finished, and the rest of the time was at our own disposal in the class-

room. On the following Wednesday afternoon the versions were brought back, marked with the number of errors, or with an O, as *sine errore*. The errors were divided into three classes—*maximus*, *medius*, and *minimus* errors. Then began the practical business of the afternoon. *Medius* and *minimus* errors went unpunished, although they counted in the allotting of our places on the benches or *factions*, as they were called. Our names, along with the number of errors for which we were individually responsible, were read out, and we changed our places on the factions, up or down as the case might be. These benches were arranged like the pews in a church, on both sides of the class-room, leaving a passage in the middle, and all facing the master's desk, a rostrum which was raised three steps above the level of the floor. The factions held five boys apiece. The book-boards of them were carved all over with names, which gave testimony to the industry of our predecessors for generations with their pocket-knives. Among these names was that of Lord Byron, who was at this school before he succeeded to the title and went to Harrow. His mother was a Miss Gordon of Gight, and during his childhood he and she lived in Aberdeen. When all the boys were seated in due order, the master began his correction of the writers in strict accordance with his previous correction of their versions. The first boy who had made a *maximus* error, on hearing his name read out as coupled with that fact, left his place and went to the master's desk, stood in front of it, and held out his hand, and received on his open palm one "pandy," if he had made one *maximus* error only. If he had made two, he received two pandies, or twenty pandies if he had made twenty errors, and so in like proportion in accordance with the strict rule of distributive justice. The pandies took their name from *Pande manum*—"Stretch out your open hand"—and were administered by the master with the *tawse*, from the top step of his desk on which he stood. The *tawse* was a broad leather strap, one end of which was divided into five fingers about six inches long, and these had been scorched in the fire to harden them and make them more stinging. On receiving his allowance, which was given and taken with the utmost calm on both sides, the boy returned to his place and resumed his conversation with his next neighbour. Conversation was general while the whipping went on, and as there were seventy boys in my class, the rest of the afternoon was usually occupied in this

way. Other afternoons which were spent in a similar manner were those on which we had repetitions. Thirty lines of Ovid or of Virgil were usually given out the day before to be learned by heart, and of these any boy might be called on promiscuously to repeat five lines. Most of us generally learned five lines only, on the off-chance of our getting those five lines. If these did not fall to our lot, there were always boys in front of us, behind us, or on either side of us, with their books open before them, who prompted us, so that we were very often able to stagger through. If all means failed, we went to the master's desk and got our pandies, which for this shortcoming did not as a rule exceed five in number. On other days the whipping was less general, although there were few days which were entirely unmarked by it in some one's remembrance. No one resented his punishment, or was made unhappy by it, and I never heard of its doing any one any harm.

The most extraordinary case of whipping that I remember occurred on occasion of a complaint made by the police about our having broken the windows of an unpopular neighbour. The question was put by the master, the catalogue was called, and every boy had to answer to his name either Yes or No. Every boy answered No. The master jumped up in great excitement, and shouted, "Gentlemen, there is a liar in the school, but I'll get at him," and he proceeded forthwith to whip the whole class of seventy boys, from the *Dux* at the top, to the dunce at the bottom of the class. His method of getting at the liar was not so entirely without reason as it might at first sight appear to be. Lying in order to escape punishment was almost the only sin which was recognized by our school code of morality. Our master knew that the delinquent must be known to some of us. He knew also that no one of us would peach upon him, but he knew, moreover, that that boy would have an evil time at the hands of every one of us when we got at him out of school. His ingenious wisdom was justified by the event. Our master's name was John Dun. This surname was famous in the school. It was the name of one who, if not its founder some centuries before, had been at least its greatest benefactor. In the appointment of masters, preference was given to one of the name of Dun, if he was otherwise fairly well qualified for the post. Our John Dun was a good Latin scholar, and his faithfulness in the discharge of his duty of whipping Latin into us was

without a flaw. Outside the school he was a most good-natured and kind-hearted man, and the best whipped boys were as eager as any for the honour of walking home with him to his lodging in an old, turreted house, which was entered from one of the courts or closes on the School Hill. The school house was a quaint old building, the ground-plan of which was laid on the lines of a capital H. It contained four class-rooms, and a large room which ran along the whole length of the building, and was called the Public School. Its place would be represented by the central bar of the letter H. The four portions of the letter above and below this bar, give the situation of the four class-rooms, all of which opened into the Public School. The Public School was used only on public occasions, such as the annual examination and giving of prizes, which was held in state by the Provost and Baillies (*Anglicè*, Mayor and Aldermen) of Aberdeen, and the Professors of Marischal College and University. It was used also for the dictation of the trial *version*, at the annual competition for the bursaries in connection with Marischal College. These bursaries were many in number, although small in value, ranging from five pounds to twenty pounds. This money was the annual interest of various foundations, or *mortifications*, as they were called in the law language of Aberdeen. Some of them were of considerable antiquity, and many of them were privileged in favour of certain surnames, or of the natives of certain parishes or counties. The holding of a bursary carried also with it abatements in College fees. Small as was their money value, the bursaries served their purpose in making it possible for the sons of poor persons to secure a good classical education, and through this an entrance to the learned professions of divinity, law, and medicine. Many Scotchmen of eminence have attained to it by means of those bursaries, and of the school which qualified them for the gaining of the bursaries. To get, however, to the foundation and root of the successful careers of those men, we must go to the parish schools of Scotland, as they were in my time. Every country parish had its parochial school, which was frequented by the children of farm servants and of the smaller farmers. The masters of those schools were, for the most part, young Presbyterian ministers or divinity students who were waiting for a church, and were in the meantime called probationers and could take occasional Sunday duty. Some were content to remain schoolmasters all

their lives, and they were in fact better off than were many of the parish ministers. They had almost as much money by way of income as had the ministers, and there were not so many calls upon their purses. They gave an excellent education to their pupils in the three R's, and in the elements of history and geography. Nearly all of them had a Latin class, which any of the scholars could attend for a very small additional payment. With the best of their scholars, the *Dominies*, as the school-masters were commonly called, very often took great pains, and not seldom such pains as to fit them for joining the Rector's classes—the fourth and fifth—at the Public School in Aberdeen, without having passed through the three junior classes, as we did. The fourth and fifth classes were held in one class-room, and were taught by the Rector. We now began to learn Greek, and mathematics in the shape of Euclid. Hitherto we had learned nothing but Latin, except during one hour a week, when we were taught history, and one other hour, when we were taught geography. The teaching of these subjects had been an innovation. They were not taught in my father's time, when the whole of the education given was purely classical. Arithmetic was not taught, even in my time, in the Public School of Aberdeen. For that we had to go, at twelve o'clock, to one or other of the two private schools of writing and arithmetic in the town.

In the Rector's school-room there were no *pandies*. It must not, however, be supposed that the relief from the possibility of *pandies* was reckoned as a privilege. To be summoned, after dismissal of the class, into the awful presence of the Rector, was in our eyes more dreadful than any number of *pandies* ever were, or could possibly have been. Standing for judgment before his desk, we quaked with terror. The Rector was an absolute monarch within his school dominions, and capital punishment, in the shape of expulsion, was the only sentence uttered at his tribunal. An appeal, indeed, was possible to the municipal authorities—the Lord Provost and the Baillies—but in the tradition of the school was imbedded the solid fact that no such appeal had ever in the memory of man been once sustained. The Provost and the Baillies were always on the side of authority, as vested in the Rector of the school, whatever they might, in their private capacities, have thought of his action as being either right or wrong. The only case of expulsion in my time, was that of a boy for stealing books.

For this poor wretch there was no sympathy. He had disgraced us all, and all felt relieved in being rid of the pollution of his presence. Stealing was, in our eyes, an even greater sin than that of lying in order to escape the punishment of *pandies*. Open and forcible robbery of books would not have excited the same horror and disgust. *Væ victis* would have been the verdict of the majority of those boys who had not been made the victims of the robbery, and this might have been rendered in the vernacular as, "the weakest must go to the wall," or metrically, as the outcome of—

The good old rule, the simple plan,
That he should take who has the power
And he should keep who can.

If the theft had been committed by the father of the boy in his own school-days, the punishment would not have been mere expulsion. Previous to his expulsion he would have been *portered*. There was no instance of *portering* in my time. It had not been abolished, however, and a case of it would not have been regarded as an arbitrary introduction of a punishment which was not indigenous in the system of the school. To all of us the details of it were familiar from tradition. A case of it certainly occurred during my father's school-days. It was carried out in this way. All the boys in the five classes were solemnly assembled in the Public School. The catalogue was called, and every boy who was present answered to his name *Adsum*, as he had to answer every morning when the catalogue of his class was called in his own class-room. The culprit was then stripped, and mounted entirely naked on the back of the school porter, who marched from end to end of the long room, followed by the Rector, who went on flogging the boy continuously throughout his progress. His clothes were then returned to him, and he was led to the main door, which was opened. From the top of the three or four stone steps which led down into the paved courtyard, he received a kick from the Rector, and the ceremony was complete. A curious incident is connected with the last instance of *portering* of which I have heard. While the boy was being disrobed for the function, he took his knife from his pocket and stabbed himself in the breast. The Rector carefully and kindly examined the wound, and found it to be but trifling. He saw, moreover, that the motive was more histrionic than tragic, and

the ceremony proceeded with every solemnity, till it was crowned by the final kick.

The school-boy of to-day, who is petted and overfed at home, and who knows a very little of everything under the sun, may shudder at what seem to him to be the barbarities of those days, as he may sneer at the smallness of the information with which in those days boys left school. We certainly were turned out as ignorant as owls of all the *ologies* and *isms* and other miscellaneous information with which the modern boy is crammed at school—but we were turned out *educated*, so far as our education went. In spite of our little studying, or studying as little as we could help, a knowledge of the Latin tongue had somehow soaked its way into us, and this with even scholarship and elegance of composition. In Greek we never arrived at scholarship. We began the study of Greek too late in our school career, and although the Rector had a very fair knowledge of the Greek language, he was not in any way in Greek as he was in Latin, a master of style. We were taught only so much as was required for matriculation at Marischal College and University, and that was only the Gospel of St. John and Xenophon's *Anabasis*. At the College we read Homer and Anacreon, Herodotus and Thucydides, but we never got such a grip of these as we had got of the Latin authors. Dr. Brown, the Greek Professor, had a somewhat broad Scotch accent, and from it he was dubbed The Dorian. He was never spoken of among us by any other name. He was powerless to keep order, in spite of his continual expostulations. In the class-room of Dr. Cruikshank, the Professor of Mathematics, the order was perfect. Sir Walter Scott's quack had just "two simples" for every disease, namely, "laudamy and calamy" (laudanum and calomel) — "simples with a vengeance," said Sir Walter. Old Cruikie had one simple only for the disease of disorder, and that was—expulsion. It might have been said of him what the Duke of Wellington said of General Picton, when an official of the commissariat complained to him that Picton had said he would hang him if a certain number of cattle were not forthcoming on a particular day for the consumption of the army. "Did Picton say that?" asked Wellington. "I know Picton. He's a man of his word. I should advise you to get up those cattle." We all knew that Dr. Cruikshank was equally a man of his word, and for anything like insubordination he would have decimated his

class for the common good. He was withal a kind-hearted man, and we knew him to be inflexibly just. Hence it was that he secured from every one that respect apart from which a general *timor reverentialis* is impossible. This The Dorian never could command, and scholarship in Greek suffered in consequence. I can certainly corroborate from my own experience a statement which has been made, I forget where, in print, that Scotland has never produced a Greek scholar. Some Scotsmen have been Grecians, but they had their training, not in Scotland, but in the Public Schools and Universities of England. This may perhaps no longer be the case. I am speaking of my own time.

In my time I "stood in the midst of the years." The old systems were passing away during my residence at The Cove, and were giving place to new systems in the spheres both of education and of religion. Railways had been for some time bringing Scotland into closer communication with England, and English ideas and methods in both spheres were creeping towards the north. With the full flowing of this tide the old-fashioned systems of stern discipline and solid education were being fast obliterated. Scottish Episcopalianism, with its stiff doctrinalism, and with its absence of even decent ritual, was being swept away into the remoter districts by a wave of Anglicanism which was less Tractarian than it was Ritualistic.

This was what I found on my frequent visits to Aberdeen from my solitude at The Cove. I returned from them to The Cove as to a haven of rest, with its bracing salt-sea breezes, its simple ways, and the stick-in-the-mud conservatism of the fisher-folk. Little did they care about the changes that were taking place outside their community in the educational and religious world. They were not aware even of the existence of those changes. Few of them could either read or write, but they could catch fish, cure fish, carry them to market, and in a bargain for the sale of them could beat those who had more school learning than they had. They were wise in their generation. They were educated for their state of life. In this the elder fishermen and fisherwomen had graduated by seniority, if not by acclamation, and with applause.

IV.

Life at The Cove with these surroundings, and with St. Thomas to feed, and fatten, and fructify one's soul, was

an ideal and an idyllic life, if one could only have been *absolutely* sure that we were one with St. Thomas, not merely in understanding and in will, or in soul only, but also as members of one body—that external society of Christians which constitutes Christ's visible Church. We thought that we were, and we honestly thought that we were. We not only regretted, but we abhorred, the revolution in religion which we could scarcely bring ourselves to call the Reformation. Our platform was this. Three centuries ago there had been a quarrel between England and Rome. Like most family quarrels, there were faults on both sides. We were heirs of evil consequences, but certainly not authors of the cause of them. We could not therefore be schismatics. Even if it should turn out that our forefathers had been formally schismatical in their separation of themselves from the rest of Christendom, their sin could not possibly lie at our doors, who were daily praying for the Reunion of Christendom. Neither again were we borrowing our spiritual food from any foreign source. We were being taught by a Doctor of the Universal Church. St. Thomas had happened in God's providence to belong to the Latin branch of the Church Catholic, and some of his opinions might reflect his surroundings, but, given all this, he was no small authority, if not the greatest authority, in doctrinal matters, in that Church of which we fondly fancied that both he and we were fellow-members. We did not therefore feel that in appropriating the doctrine of St. Thomas we were either borrowing or stealing. That which rendered this view possible to us was the fact that the highest conception which we had of the Universal Church was that of a congeries or confederation of particular Churches, or dioceses, of the aggregate of which the Bishop of Rome was head by ecclesiastical right, derived from concession or consent of the whole Church. We regarded the Roman Pontificate as a natural evolution, or as a consequence in reason, but we had not grasped the idea of its existence as of *Divine* right, and resting on the institution and constitution of Jesus Christ.

My life at The Cove for three years, with the fishers and St. Thomas, was brought to an end by my presentation to the living of St. Mary Magdalene's, Dundee. It was in the gift of the Bishop of Brechin, whom I had consulted about my Roman difficulties, and who had given me Anglican Orders.

He had his Cathedral in Dundee, although he took his title from the town of Brechin. Brechin had been one of the ancient Catholic sees, but was now a mere market-town. Dundee was a great centre of commercial industry. It had been enriched both by the jute-trade and by whaling enterprise. The population consisted of about one hundred thousand inhabitants, of whom one-fourth, or about five-and-twenty thousand, were Roman Catholics of Irish extraction, and in the second or third generation from the date of their immigration. My appointment to Dundee, would have been regarded by most of my fellow-parsons as promotion. To me it was transportation from a most congenial atmosphere to a most uncongenial sphere. It was a wrench to leave The Cove.

The Bishop was a timid man and, mindful of my Roman leanings, which I had from the outset of my connection with his diocese laid bare before him, used every effort to make me consent to a condition which he proposed in connection with his presentation of me to this living. The condition was that if ever I should decide to become a Roman Catholic, I should not make my submission to the Roman Catholic Church within six months after my resignation of the living of St. Mary Magdalene's. To this condition I objected, but ultimately agreed to refer the question to my confessor, Canon Humble, of St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth. Canon Humble was in this matter equal to the occasion. He told me that on no account should I agree to this condition—that it was morally false and wrong. He said that the very first Roman priest whom I consulted would tell me that I was in no way bound by my promise or contract—that it was *pactum illicitum*—that I had been weak to make it, and that I should be wicked to keep it, since, in the case supposed, I should be formally in bad faith, and living, therefore, during those six months, in the state of damnation. His advice was most sound. I retailed it to my Bishop, and ultimately, without any condition whatsoever, he instituted me to my living. I now found myself in the midst of very different surroundings, and in a very different atmosphere from that of The Cove.

My congregation at Dundee was mainly composed of Orange Irishmen. There were very few Scottish Episcopalians among them. The bulk of my people had come from Ulster, or the

north of Ireland, and in their own land they had belonged to what was humorously called—in the days before Mr. Gladstone and his Disestablishment—the UNITED Church of England and Ireland. My predecessor was a scholar and an author, a man who used to write for *The Christian Remembrancer*, a publication which held then very much the same place as does *The Church Quarterly* of to-day, or *The British Critic* of former times. He was a student and a smoker, and the Bishop used to say that his “study stank of metaphysics and tobacco.” He had not, however, neglected his congregation, and he had indoctrinated the younger portion of his people with High Church ideas. I found, therefore, two schools and camps of religious thought and practice within my one congregation. The older people were sternly Protestant—their children were strongly inclined towards a High Churchism which was a contradiction and condemnation of the religion of their elders.

Even with the elders, however, I was personally popular. Their only objection to me was, that I never preached against the idolatrous principles and practices of Rome. Their doctrinal attitude may be gauged by the following incident. Our altar was vested in variously coloured frontals, in accordance with the ecclesiastical seasons. On one Sunday it happened to be vested in *green*. This Sunday turned out to have been the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. Of this battle I may have heard the name, but in it I had absolutely no interest whatever. My older people had, and they supposed that on this particular day I had hoisted the Roman Catholic colours to show my sympathy with the Roman Catholic religion.

That, however, which brought matters to a crisis was the feast of the Immaculate Conception. I told the people to turn to their prayer-books, and there they would find set down for celebration the feast of the *Conception B.V.M.* I argued that a maculate or stained conception could not possibly be commemorated by any feast, and therefore that, by direction of the Church of England, we ought to celebrate the Immaculate, or stainless, Conception of our Lady, and that in so doing we ought to congratulate ourselves that in this at any rate we were not at issue with our brethren of the great Latin Church throughout the world. We kept the feast with splendour. The altar was radiant with lights and lilies. The devotion of the younger part of the congregation was immense. The dismay and the disgust of their fathers and mothers were intense.

The senior churchwarden interviewed me. He said sorrowfully—for personally he liked me—and in the best of good faith, that he must present me for false doctrine to the Bishop. I cordially agreed with him from his point of view, and begged him to do so at once. This somewhat sobered him. Even so, he went like a man to do his duty. His will was better than his judgment. The long list of the articles of his impeachment of me contained the most cherished articles of the Bishop's own belief. The only difference between us was that Dr. Forbes in preaching wrapped up his High Church doctrine in Low Church language, while I delivered the self-same doctrine in words the meaning of which no man could possibly mistake. The Bishop was in a quandary. If he condemned me, he would be condemning himself, and he knew that I was teaching that which he himself had taught me. It was contained in his own writings. His answer to the Irish Orangeman was characteristic of the man, who on his trial for false doctrine had pleaded that opinions, which he believed to be revealed truths, with regard to the Eucharist, were permissible within the pale of the Church of England, and were at any rate not such as to entail upon him penal consequences for his promulgation of them. He said to my accuser: "Have you got five hundred pounds to spend? If I were to condemn and suspend your pastor, he might bring me before the Court of Session (the highest civil tribunal in Scotland) for defamation of character and unwarranted and wanton destruction of his clerical career. Are you prepared to lodge five hundred pounds in bank? Until you do I cannot undertake to judge the case." The old man went away sorrowful, since he had not this amount of spare riches at his disposal.

I used to see a great deal of the Bishop during my residence in Dundee. He was a fascinating man, with most charming manners. His conversation was refined, instructive, and somewhat cynical. I met Dean Ramsay at his house, who came to pay a visit at the same time that I was staying with the Bishop for some weeks before I entered on possession of my living. The Dean—he was Dean of Edinburgh—was a thorough old-fashioned Scottish Episcopalian. In his church there was little that the modern Ritualist would recognize as Ritualism, but all things were, as the Dean would have put it, done "decently and in order." In doctrine he was somewhat

nebulous outside the sphere of belief in Baptismal Regeneration, the three-fold ministry, the propriety of Confirmation, and some vague presence of Christ in the Eucharist, a presence which had much better not be too clearly and closely defined. Dean Ramsay's book of *Reminiscences of Scottish Wit and Humour*, is as familiar to most fairly-educated Scotchmen as are household words, and it is by no means unknown on the wrong side of the Tweed. His stories in conversation were equally racy. He was one of the last of Edinburgh men who could speak the old Court Scotch, which differed considerably from "broad Scotch" as spoken by the lower orders. He had a coterie of old ladies, his contemporaries, who used to take a "dish of tea" with him at stated and frequent intervals, and converse in the old Court dialect. All this has passed away. The Dean enjoyed his visit to the Bishop immensely, and after his departure wrote to thank him for the pleasure it had given him. The Bishop read us his letter. Thanking his host for his hospitality, and expressing his satisfaction with all the arrangements for his comfort, the Dean wound up by saying that he had been much edified by what the Bishop had said to him about the theological erudition of his curates, and their proficiency in the study of St. Thomas; but there was one thing he must venture to remark, and that was that never in all his life had he seen a grouse so foully murdered as by one of them. This censure I took home to myself. I had sat beside the Dean at breakfast, and before me were some cold grouse. One of these was a tough old cock, and in the dissection of him I had nearly as much bodily fatigue as I had mental disturbance from observing that my surgical operation *post mortem* was being attentively watched by the Dean. The Bishop's comment on the Dean's remark was as consoling as it was cynical. He said: "I fancy that good Mr. Dean values carving more than he does theology as a clerical accomplishment."

I have spoken of Canon Humble, of Perth. He was my confessor. The Canon was also Precentor of St. Ninian's Cathedral in that city. St. Ninian's was, like Cumbrae, an exotic. It had also, and like Cumbrae, been described as an ecclesiastical hothouse. Like Cumbrae, moreover, it was supposed to be not an Anglican plant, but a flower of very Scottish Episcopalian growth. It was officered, however, chiefly

by Englishmen of an advanced type. In my time only two of these remained. One was the Precentor, Canon Humble. The other was the Provost, Mr. Edward Knottesford Fortescue, who some years later, and after his second marriage, became a Catholic. They were my nearest congenial clerical neighbours, and we three were fast friends. In the earlier days of St. Ninian's the ritual had been very insignificant, if measured by the standard of the principles and practice of modern Ritualists. It was always, however, developing. When, at each fresh step in the process of evolution, the old-fashioned Scotch Episcopalians would ask the meaning of the new rite, the answer was always, "ancient Scottish use." They might have disrelished if not resisted an Anglican importation, but any rite, however unfamiliar, which was presented to them as a genuine product of Scottish soil, appealed at once to both their national and their antiquarian instincts.

Both the Provost and the Precentor of St. Ninian's Cathedral were at loggerheads with the Bishop of the diocese. This was Dr. Charles Wordsworth. He had been the first Warden of Glenalmond College, and by means of his own vote, which gave him a majority of votes in the electing chapter, he had made his way from Glenalmond into the Protestant bishopric of St. Andrew's, Dunkeld and Dunblane. St. Ninian's was his Cathedral, but for many years he had never entered it, and he refused to enter it so long as doctrines were preached and rites were practised of which he could not approve. There stood in the chancel a Gothic episcopal throne. It struck the Provost that as this was never occupied by the Bishop, it might reasonably be utilized by the clergy. He had therefore a piece of perforated zinc let into the side of it by way of grille, and then sat in it and heard confessions. I have myself knelt at that throne and made my confession.

I felt more at home with the clergy at St. Ninian's than I did with my own Bishop Forbes at Dundee. We two, nevertheless, the Bishop and I, had much in common, and there were some functions in which we were confederates. These were the consecration of holy oils and the consecration of altar-stones. I used to go to the marble-cutters and to the chemists, and procured the stones duly incised with five crosses, and the oil and balsam wherewith to make the chrism, and then the Bishop did his best with a Roman Pontifical. Dundee was at that time

regarded as an emporium of these sacred luxuries, by the more advanced members of the Puseyite party. Like Dr. Pusey himself, his disciple, Dr. Forbes, had not the most rudimentary conception of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Their one idea of all that was necessary for the doing of episcopal or sacerdotal acts was possession of power of order, episcopal or sacerdotal, as the case might be. Just as Dr. Pusey was in the habit of making confession tours throughout the length and breadth of England, and giving absolution without receiving any faculties to do so from the Protestant Bishops within whose dioceses he was sojourning, so was Bishop Forbes in the habit of exporting his holy oils and altar-stones into the dioceses of Bishops who would have regarded them as contraband. I remember an amusing instance of the then all but universal ignorance or ignoring of the first principles of jurisdiction. An Anglican Bishop highly disapproved both of the doctrines and of the practices of one of the dignitaries of the diocese. To deprive a Rector of his living was, however, an expensive process, and from this the Bishop shrank. There was not the same difficulty in withdrawing the licences of his curates, and this the Bishop did. On the following Sunday the Rector told his people what the Bishop had done, and said that his curates would now no longer be able to say Matins and Evensong, or to celebrate the Communion Service, but that they could still read the Lessons, and visit the sick, and hear confessions, that being a matter with which the Bishop had nothing whatever to do!

WILLIAM HUMPHREV.

Before, and after, a Forest Fire.

WE are resting, half buried in the heather and cool green whortle-bushes that grow in luxuriant profusion on every part of our wild and beautiful hunting-grounds, listening to the call-notes of some birds that for some time have not allowed us to see them, through their keeping to the tops of the great fir-trees that surround us more or less on all sides of our resting-place. The reward attending a long and tiresome stalk from tree to tree, is very often of a vexatious kind. In plain words, you find that you have taken a lot of pains for nothing. At least, it proved so in this case, for as if to show us that they knew we were after them, and that only at their own time and pleasure would they show themselves, directly we had given the matter up for a bad job, and turned our thoughts in another channel, the very birds we had been stalking came into the lower branches of the fir-tree that shadowed our resting-place. Nothing, after all, but a company of cole, and the so-called marsh-tits, with their fully fledged broods, that had for some time been calling and piping in a very curious manner.

Turn where you will, matchless woodland beauty is before and around you fresh and fair. A place to rest in the long length of a summer's day, to leave it at last when the fern-owls dash over the heather, to rest in a calm deep sleep, refreshed in mind and body by the sights you have seen, and the fresh life you have breathed, from the living growing greenery.

Hard winters, followed by dry hot summers, with the wind sticking as they term it in a bad quarter, that is due north, with a slight turn at times to the east, with the exception of furze, do not affect growing things; and even with the furze, a few genial rainfalls would soon set matters right, for then old needles drop off and young tufts of green show in all directions. At present they are dingy grey brown, the still hanging needles above, and the fallen ones below, as

dry as tinder, so that the least touch by accident from fire would start them in a blaze. Half extinguished matches, the ashes knocked from a pipe, or the end of a cigar, dropped by chance wanderers, do mischief, at times, beyond belief. And it is in the lonely quiet fir-woods, with tracks running through them, that the danger from fire is most to be dreaded in a dry season, for the resinous deposit of fir needles is so thick and dry that a chance spark might almost as well touch a train of gunpowder. A forester never knocks his pipe out, he plugs it with a pinch of moor-moss, and places it in his waistcoat pocket. If he lights a match, that is blown out by him and placed in his pocket as well.

Chance wanderers are not acquainted with the highly inflammable nature of the material they are walking over: in fact, it could not in reason be in any shape or way expected of them. The natural action of any smoker, that of placing his foot upon fire that has been dropped from his pipe, match, or cigar, would under ordinary circumstances be sufficient to effect the object in view. Here it is just the reverse, for the sole of the foot stamps the fire deep down out of sight, to gently smoulder, and spread, until at last a light flicker of flame shows, and others follow with the rapidity of thought, and the mischief is done beyond all repair. In one of our earlier articles, appearing elsewhere, we gave as far as we could in words, a description of a forest fire that we had witnessed; in fact we and others had been actually in the midst of the flames.

And here we would most earnestly warn our readers who are not versed in woodcraft, never to get in a line, or on one side, of a fire of this kind—if by chance they should be in a fir and heather district, where of late years fires have been rather frequent—for if that hot rushing blast of flame only touched them, the life would leave them like that of a moth. Follow a fire, you can do *that* in perfect safety; but if you value your life, never let a fire follow you, or get on one side of you.

We have recently been over miles of burnt ground, from the start to the finish, so that our article will more nearly deal with the disastrous effects caused, than with the immediate cause itself, although that will not be omitted in the course of our article. For the soles of our boots have been ruined, and our clothes spoilt for good and all, following the line of fire and some of the poor creatures that escaped from it.

When a brood-mare, with a bell on her neck, and a strong colt at foot, comes with distended nostrils and tossing mane, whinneying loudly and continuously, down to her owner's cottage hidden in one of the numberless moor dells, he asks no questions from the members of his family, who have made for their beating boughs, kept ready for use at a moment's warning, for they know what to expect in exceptionally dry seasons, and prepare as well as they can for a fire beforehand.

"Good old gal," he says, as he pats the quivering mare on her neck. "Good old gal, whoa lass, whoa, don't prance about so, ye'r all right here. So ye've got yerself an colt out on it afore it got too thick hev ye; your wat I calls a good sincible critter, thet ye be. Cum on, all the lot on ye, it ain't in our run this time, an it hev ony jist started like, fur if so be as it hed got fair holt (hold), an' the fire wus a rollin' up, the mare wud a bin in a white sweat o' fear. It wunt be long afore it gathers, but it ain't got a head on it yit like. Liger (Elijah)! I've sin ye move midlin' slippy (quick) at times, wen you bin a doin' mischief. Now put yer best foot forrards, an' see if so be as ye ken do sum good. Hook it now an' see if old Sally Pronger's skittish young heifer hev cum home with the cow at milkin' time, fur if so be as the critter ain't, an' I knows as she doan't at times, it's werry likely as yen she sees the fire as she'l get frittened, an' prank, an' cavoort about, an' git all the hair sweeled (singed) off her fly-brisher" (tail).

It is not a case of each one for himself, such as we have heard so much about of late, with these honest folks, for all join in one common cause, to aid their neighbours, and when misfortune threatens, those that have been aided do the same kind turn for others. By the word or term, "aided," we intend to convey the idea to our readers of a great many important actions, carried out very quickly. For we have seen trees felled, fir-trees, and all the cover beneath them cut and carried off, stock driven in, and all possible precautions taken, in less time than it would take us to write half a page of manuscript, and we do not write slowly.

Recently, we saw a portion of wild moorland on fire in the day-time. The day was a very hot one, not a breath of air stirring from any quarter. This was fortunate, for the fire only wandered about here and there, in a limited area, so that the beaters, with their thrashing boughs, were able to confine the

mischief to one hollow of the moor. A fire in, or on, the forest on a bright, hot day, is far more dangerous than at night, for this reason, you are not able to see the flames, for it is only when the fire has got good hold on the resinous fir foliage, that the smoke clouds roll up thick and dark. Ordinary brush cover gives out, when well alight, grey smoke of a light hue. Under the shade of the trees, the run of the fire may be seen even in the day-time, but not on the open moor. Very large areas are covered on the surface with fibrous peat mould, about a foot in depth. Beneath this are the loose iron stones of the district, used for making up roads, so that really the peat mould rests on a bed of stones, mixed with sand, and in some instances clayey gravel. Brushwood grows luxuriantly, for the roots work their way in and about the stones below, in a perfect tangle. Small ground-hiding creatures, such as the various members of the mouse family and all our reptiles, have their homes here, for the fibrous peat is easily tunnelled. From these openings in the top surface, each one works its way to its real home that has been fashioned by the creature in the cracks between the loose stones or under them. These small matters are easily proved. Watch a lizard, either our common heath lizard or the rare sand lizard, on the extreme tip of a furze spray, or on some wiry heather. There is the little fellow, inflating his throat and thoroughly enjoying himself in the hot sunshine; he will not move if you do not frighten him, in fact you could sketch him if you required a study of that kind from the life. But tap that spray of furze ever so gently, or shake one of those wiry heather sprigs, and you will see the glistening creature dart like a flash and vanish in the mouth of his home at the roots of his playing-place, the furze bush or heather bunch, as the case may be. If creatures are suddenly frightened out of their wits, they rush, for the time being, anywhere, but if they are only gently moved, you will see them run or glide into their homes in the most quiet manner. We have known at times a mouse hole to hold a very different creature.

When a forest fire is on the run, that is, travelling with the wind, it is not a matter of minutes, but of a few seconds. Something tells them danger is near, they make for their homes below the peat, but they never leave them again, for that fierce rush of flame kills all, above and below. With wild creatures out at feed, the case is different, they will try to save themselves if they can, but the chances, unfortunately, are all

against them. The pungent smoke is the worst, for they are prevented by it from sniffing the wafts of pure air from harbours of safety that fire has never reached. It is a subject that we shall not enter into, for the simple reason that it is a painful one, for we have seen and heard it all. But the cries from the creatures surrounded by fire, though not really touched by it, will be remembered for years by those that have heard them. The birds, poor things, if they would only flight away, would escape, but instead of that, some horrible fascination causes them to keep flying around, until at last that burning current of hot air reaches them, and they fold their wings and drop down dead as if killed by electricity.

It is a magnificent and awe-inspiring sight to see a mile at a time of the richest forest growth to be found in the south of England, vanish before you like a dream, in fact, you can hardly trust your own eyesight. For a line of red fire and clouds of black smoke, at times a quarter of a mile in width, passes through the firs and rushes further on to do its work. When the smoke has cleared a little, and you can see, there are the firs, bare and blasted, the flickers of fire showing over them from the lowest to the highest of the bare boughs and branches, like millions of fire-flies, some of the large trunks, about three feet from the ground, being as black and charred as if they had been gone over with a tar brush. All this is done and over in less than ten minutes, and the wild rush of flame and smoke gone elsewhere. Many creatures are saved through following the stock that are out at feed, for in shouting, tooting, and whistling out stock from cover, to say nothing of the continuous thresh, thresh, flap, flap, thresh, thresh, flap of the fire-beaters, notice is given them to quit very unceremoniously.

Little incidents of a laughable nature occur very frequently at such times, and we will leave our readers to imagine that the language used under the force of excitement, brought about by urgent circumstances, is, to say the least about it, of a very forcible and convincing nature. One of our rustic friends had a sow, with a litter of pigs, out on the root, as he termed it. Now letting them out to range does them "a martil power o' good," for no matter how grimed up Betsy or her numerous progeny may be before they are turned out, in less than a fortnight their skins will be soft and bright. As to the little nose-twisting, inquisitive, curly-tailed, winking, and blinking snorks, no creatures that we are acquainted with move about

with more startling rapidity. At the same time, their natural porcine instincts return to them in a manner that would simply alarm some people. They certainly did so return to the mother and family owned by our friend, for she had the idea that her owner's assistance was not required in any way. She was, at all times, what he called "a bit wicious;" from what we had seen of her, we should have called her ferocious in disposition. But she was, as her owner told us, "A reglar out an outer fur bringin' up her litters." Not knowing whither she and her family had roamed, when the alarm was given that fire was running, he was naturally anxious. He found her, and did his best to get her, and all that belonged to her, home, by a way he had picked out, but no, she looked at him with her wicked, red eyes, and champed her jaws till the foam dropped from them. Now this is a polite notice, given by enraged members of the pig family, to get out of the way; any person not doing so would be simply a fool. As to the young snorks, they ranged up by the side of their mother, curling their noses, snouts we should have said, and showing their small teeth in a very spiteful fashion. Then, with a rush, the lot charged past him, in a direct line, as he thought, for the fire; instead of that, she made her way to a wet swamp bottom, and thence home. It was in the line of fire direct, but her instinct told her that the fire could not lap over it.

After some years of observation, we have come to the conclusion that *Asinus musicus*, in plain words, the cottager's donkey, is a long-eared, mild-eyed philosopher, with a soul for harmony. One with whom we were on friendly terms was the pet of his mistress, one of those cheery old dames that you so frequently meet with in the country. She used to harness him and drive him, but from the time she got up in that little cart to the time she got out of it, she was continually pulling at the reins and hitting him with a stick, four feet of hazel sucker about as thick as your middle finger. There was not the least cruelty about it, from the start to the finish. Whacks and pulls were given in pure love to prevent Jack from going to sleep. We have stopped, in one of the narrow, twisting, green lanes, many a time to hear the old dame coming, and to listen, of course out of sight, to the observations addressed to her long-eared favourite. "Now then, Jack, drat it all (whack, whack, whack), I do natally (naturally) think (whack) as you be

(whack) a-goin' to sleep, fur one ear is pinted up (whack, whack) an tother down (whack). It seems to me as if you'll hev to be riz up a bit. Now then, git on will ye," at the same time rattling on the bottom of the cart with her feet, and giving him so many loving whacks that it sounded as if some one was breaking up a dry lot of wood in a very great hurry. Then, for a few moments, you certainly could hear the wheels of the cart go round, but matters soon fell into their old groove again. It was not any deficiency in power or will on Jack's part that caused him to act in the deliberate manner we have described, but the deep, reflective powers of his philosophic nature, for he had found out that all the time that his good old mistress was jerking the reins and giving him gentle taps, the flies had small chance of fixing on him. Fixing and settling are two very distinct matters. "Donkey," we know, is a term of reproach when applied to any member of common humanity, but in its proper sense, it might be understood as a compliment; for taking him all in all, if his small peculiarities are duly considered, he shows deep reasoning power, derived and transmitted through ages of drudgery, for at least hundreds of years, from his Eastern progenitors, that would be hard to beat in so-called animal life.

One evening, when wandering in the forest by ourselves as usual, we saw the wild nature and, so to speak, the poetry of motion, as the animal would act in a state of nature, shown to the full by this very donkey. A fire had started somewhere in one of the low moors beyond the fir belt, and the wind was blowing towards us, so that now and then pungent, smoke-tainted drafts of air came our way. Presently we heard a light gallop, not a trot, coming towards us, and we at once crouched in the heather. Then we saw our old friend Jack as a transformed creature, for no deer at gaze ever moved over the turf in a more corky manner than he did; he stood at gaze, his mobile ears moving in all directions, and his distended nostrils sniffing the wind, and his white teeth showing. We never moved from our hiding-place. He had got full wind of it at last; raising his head, he roared out one long defiant bray, switched his tail about, then off he went at racing speed, with his tail out and his head well down, towards his home in the glade. One hour afterwards we saw his mistress, and she informed us in confidence "thet raly, the more she caressed Jack, the fonder he got on her, fur he'd cum home, an' rubbed his head agin her

shoulder like a kitten." We did not tell the old lady that a fire was on the run, and Jack knew it.

Quite independent of their making common cause when lonely farms, and still more lonely cottages, are threatened, or, what is far worse, in immediate danger, the dwellers in this district do their very utmost to preserve the feed for their stock. Nourishing bites are scattered in all directions over the hillsides, even on the edges of the fir belts. If it did not find favour with the stock, they would not leave the glades, covered over like carpets with the short, fine, sweet grass. Then they find other luxuries on the sides of the hills, such as young tender summer shoots, a bite here and another there, coming down into the glades again early in the afternoon for their last good solid graze. A lick, as they term it, that is, a light flash of fire passing over grazing-grounds where the feed has got a bit coarse, does good, for fine feeding of the most nourishing nature springs up like magic directly the ground is cool. This is a very different affair to when a fire has from the start got firm hold at the edge of a fir-wood, and climbs the hills to the open moor, for then the peat and loose stones below it get red-hot, killing the roots of the trees by hundreds. Nothing can be done in a case of this kind beyond, if possible, beating it back from the grazing-grounds of the moor itself. It is very anxious and wearying work for all that are concerned in it. In fact, it is only through their intimate acquaintance with all the short tracks to given points, and the nature of the soil that the fire is running over, or to which in their estimation the wind may take it, that they are able to prevent very serious mischief. When the roots and rootlets of vegetation are burnt out, for some years to come all is over for cattle-feeding; for by some mysterious means, one of Nature's all-healing processes, a fresh growth springs up in all directions not seen there before, but it is not fit for stock to feed on.

Two hillsides, with a long grazing-glade between them, have we gone over recently, the whole of it burnt out, that is, burnt right down through the peat on to the very stones. This is not the rule, fortunately, but as we walked over it our feet broke through the grey crust, and it buckled up in all directions.

When wild creatures are thoroughly frightened, nothing alarms them so much as the cries proceeding from members of their own species in dire extremity. They are not coming

back for some time to the place where that evil fell so quickly upon them. Even the whin-chats will not fly over these burnt-out spots. As to the few jays you may see about, if they are forced to fly that way, they jerk over high up, chattering as they fly.

Clouds of that thick, resinous, pungent smoke, drift through and over the woodlands for miles, tainting, so far as wild things are concerned, their dwelling-places in and under the green leaves. So they shift for a time elsewhere. Some of our old haunts have been so ruined by fire, that we never dream of looking there now even for a beetle; if we did, we should not find it.

Squirrels, as a rule, do not come to grief very often. They are wide-awake little fellows, avoiding even the extreme edges of burnt ground as they would a lady sparrow-hawk. We have twice in the course of our life seen squirrels moving out of the line of fire in the firs. Scolding and chattering in the most frantic manner, the long flying leaps taken by four or six at a time, so far as we could judge of numbers from the rapidity of their movements, was something to remember.

If any creature is found by the beaters, squealing in helpless terror before the fire has reached it, as in duty bound, they kill it at once; it is only a merciful act on their part in doing so. It is not a time for talking or for hesitation; what has to be done must be done at once, and quickly too. Only once have we known, not only that, but seen, wild creatures come to grief in numbers, and that was in a forest fire we wrote about in Surrey. But we would remind our readers that it was the first time that Woodland Vale had ever been touched by fire. All creatures soon learn to know and take warning by the signs and sounds that presage misfortune to them, and act accordingly, to prevent, if possible, their being overtaken by it.

No creature ever hunts for food where no food is to be found, so they leave the spot for a time at least. Our readers may, under all the circumstances we have described, think our statement a very strange one, but so far as our own experience in the matter goes, it is none the less true, that we have never at any time seen the charred remains or any vestige of fur, feather, or scale of reptile, after the fire has passed over their haunts.

There is a reason for this, which we will try to explain as clearly as we can. Locality of *habitat* is the cause:

shallow homes, tenanted by the small deer we have already mentioned, are simply burnt out with their occupants. Those creatures that run or fly before the devastating blast, naturally make for the cool glades, as yet untouched. Here they would, as their instinct tells them, be safe at least for a time. But a current of air turns the course of the fire, as the poor frightened creatures crouch in some narrow peaty hollow, surrounded by hills on either side; a rush of flame sweeps down it, killing them instantly. When that peaty bottom gets red-hot—and that is the case—all that may be on the surface is reduced to white ashes. Any one mad enough to get near that smouldering place, would run the risk of breaking through the peat into a furnace of living fire.

The beautiful fritillaries, at one time so numerous, are not to be seen at the present time where fires have been. They, like other creatures, have gone to the very edges of the moors and woods, just off the main roads and the wider paths, that either run through or by them. For three years we have not seen a viper, snake, or slow-worm in this district, although we have searched for them in all directions; as to lizards, well, we might almost as well expect to see crocodiles, so complete has been the scorching ruin of late years in and about their at one time prolific haunts.

Creatures that rest on the ground do not suffer more than those that rest twenty or thirty feet above it. As one of the woodmen observed to us, whom we found felling some badly charred fir-trees: "These 'ere jobs upsets the cart all round. Sum chatterin', lyin' critters gits settin' tales about in orkard, back-handed fashin, as these 'ere jobs is done fur the purpus at times. Now, you jist look here, is it likely as folks would ruinate feed fur ther stock, or farm-brake fur litter, tu say nothin' about heth (heath) fur thatchin', an' faggit (wood), wen they wants all on it, an' more at times, if they culd get it. Ther aint a man among 'em but wat wuld hunt down a warmint as he ketched a-doin' such work. As tu this 'ere job wat I'm at, I be fellin' these 'ere firs fur the lord o' the manor all round bout here. Blessed, if it aint enuf to choke a black man. Fur wen you sets in with yer axe, a cloud o' salty, dirty ashes cums all down on ye, an' gits in yer gizzard. Chawin' baccar wunt keep it out, an' a quart bottle o' beer ony goes ha'f through the day." When we have handed him our flask, and told him not to be afraid of it, he remarks as

he hands it back to us, "that he reckins one or two on 'em will cum down midlin' quick arter that pertickler nip."

Our sympathies and kindly feeling are with them now, as they have ever been in past years. But we have altered all ways, and we know it without telling. For the man that we were talking to, although we knew him at once and called him by his name, one that has times and often stood by our side when fires were running twenty years ago, did not know us. Seasons and places change, so do men. That is the reason we have written "Before and after forest fires."

A SON OF THE MARSHES.

Catholic Tenerife.

PART I.

THERE is no place which has been more talked about and written about within the last few years than Tenerife. A short time ago one could not pick up a paper or magazine without coming across some article on "The Pearl of the Fortunate Islands;" to say nothing of the numerous guide-books, generally written with a strong bias for or against the place, and containing information more or less veracious on every possible subject, from the Pico de Teyde to the fleas.

It has always surprised me, however, that no Catholic visitor has taken up the pen to give his impressions of Tenerife, viewed from a religious point, for surely no country could be more interesting, considered in this respect. The fervent piety of the people, the unique splendour and picturesqueness of the processions, and the beauty of the old religious customs, handed down from remote times, and quite peculiar to Spain and her dependencies, afford a wide field of engrossing interest.

Once and once only did I see an article on Tenerife by a Catholic. It was by a lady who, as far as I remember, incidentally mentioned that she had spent three days there; and gave an airy account of a drive from Santa Cruz to Orotava. I read one passage with lively surprise, and it remained indelibly impressed on my memory. She said it was sad to note from the frequency of the wayside crosses, how prevalent was the sin of Cain in this beautiful island. I wondered who had been "taking a rise" out of this ingenuous traveller. It reminded me of the days of my youth, when I was an Indian "Grif." We were stationed at that time in an isolated subdivision on the borders of the Sunderbuns, and I innocently inquired the meaning of certain posts which I saw at intervals along the bund. I was mendaciously told they each marked the spot where some ill-fated wayfarer had been killed by a tiger. It was getting dusk at the time, and I suddenly bethought myself that if we did

not return home quickly we should be late for dinner. Later on I found that the monuments in question were harmless mile-posts erected by the D.P.W.

It gives me much pleasure to be able to vindicate the character of the Tenerifans, who are a peaceful and law-abiding people, and to inform all whom it may concern that though wayside crucifixes are common enough, and the sign of our redemption is to be seen over almost every house and gateway, it is not a token of the prevalence of the crime of murder, but rather of the piety and devotion of the people. In the mountains, Calvaries consisting of three crosses are constantly to be seen. Sometimes a rough wooden cross is erected to mark the spot where a coffin has been rested, when the bearers have brought it a long distance for interment; or to show where a person has come to a sudden death by accident.

In riding round the *Cañadas* (or great crater of the Peak), I once counted no less than seven crosses, each indicating the spot where some hapless traveller had been found frozen to death, a not unfrequent occurrence. In one place two crosses had been erected on a cairn of stones to show where a husband and wife had met with their deaths in one of the violent snow-storms which render the mountains impassable in winter.

Scarcely less common than the Calvaries are the lonely little white-washed chapels you constantly come across in some nook in the forest, or perched on an apparently inaccessible crag amongst the mountains. I once inquired what was the use of these chapels, as there was no priest attached to them, and Mass was said not more than once or twice a year. I was told the people liked to have them, because it was a prevalent belief that wherever the Holy Sacrifice had once been offered, troops of angels were left for ever after to guard the hallowed spot.

A year or two ago, I and a party of Catholic friends spent Holy Week in Laguna (or more properly speaking, San Cristobal de la Laguna), the quaint and interesting cathedral city of Tenerife. It was not my first visit to the island, but on a former occasion we had spent Lent in Puerto Orotava, where the devotions for the holy season, although beautiful and impressive, were not of course conducted with the grandeur and solemnity attainable in a cathedral city. And I may here say that not even in Spain itself have I seen the functions carried out with more pomp and magnificence than in Tenerife.

We landed on Sunday. It was the first day of the Carnival,

and the streets of Santa Cruz were filled with gay masqueraders dressed in every fantastic absurdity of costume, who were parading the streets with guitars and mandolins, serenading the pretty Spanish *señoritas* who hung out of the *postigos* and carved Moorish balconies, or amusing themselves with the harmless diversion of pelting each other with egg-shells filled with bran.

I well remember the look of solemn disapproval expressed in the face of a lank Scotch minister who had come off with us in the boat from the ship, when we landed at the jetty, and he found himself in the midst of this godless dissipation on the "Sawbath." I had been told on board that this gentleman was a missionary, and on inquiring what possible business he could have in Tenerife, was informed that he belonged to some evangelical society for the propagation of heresy and schism in foreign parts, and had been sent to "convert" the Spaniards. It would have been interesting to learn what success he eventually met with, but I am under the impression that he was destined to find the Spaniards a tough morsel.

It was a wild and stormy evening, for the rains usually set in during February, and heavy clouds hung thick and black over the distant mountains of Esperanza, as we drove out of Santa Cruz in a carriage drawn by three horses abreast, and began to ascend the steep zig-zags of the Carretera that winds upwards to Laguna. The distance is but six miles, but the evening had closed in long before we came in sight of the dim, twinkling lights of the ancient city, and we entered its rough and stony, but dearly familiar streets, in a pelting storm of rain. The next morning the church bells woke us at some unearthly hour with their well-remembered clamour. It was pouring with rain, but nothing short of the original Deluge would have kept us from the Cathedral, and by about seven o'clock we were hurrying down the street with light hearts and dripping umbrellas, on which all the friendly water-spouts between the Hotel Agüere and the Cathedral bestowed a liberal *asperges*. A roaring torrent was swirling round the corner of the Plaza de la Catedral, and it was only by dint of much prospecting that we found a place where it was possible to cross. However, all's well that ends well. Some convenient stepping-stones helped us over, and in a few minutes we had swung open the heavy door and were standing once more in the dim religious gloom of the grand old Cathedral.

It is said that a once familiar smell recalls bygone scenes more vividly than anything else, and I believe it is true. The instant I breathed the incense-saturated air of Laguna Cathedral, a whole flood of delightful memories rushed back on me. In England our churches smell of nothing particular, unless it be of varnish, fresh paint, and general newness, mingled with a *souffçon* of escaping gas : you could not tell where you were by the scent. But a Spanish Cathedral has a smell quite peculiar to itself ; it seems to breathe as it were the very essence of Catholicity, and if you were taken in blindfold you would know at once you were in a Catholic church. It is as if the fumes of the incense, burnt for ages within the walls, had impregnated the very stones. And mingled with the incense is the faint, all-pervading perfume of flowers ; flowers not living, but dead. So subtle it is, one might almost fancy that the spirits of the countless generations of lilies and roses that have breathed out their lives on the altars, still linger about the sanctuary, which they gave their beauty to adorn.

I crossed the black and white marble floor, behind the choir, and made for my accustomed spot near the communion altar, quite naturally, and as a matter of course. The same well-remembered Canons were coming down the sacristy steps, vested for Mass, and chalice in hand. The same pert little serving-boys in their scarlet cassocks, and short, finely-plaited *cóttas*, were carrying cruets to the various altars. Lights were twinkling through the semi-darkness. The tinkling of bells sounded on all sides, and round each altar was grouped a little crowd of absorbed worshippers, silent and motionless as shadows, who as each Mass ended, rose and melted away into the dimness of the vast building, to be noiselessly replaced by others as a fresh Mass commenced.

In Laguna, as in most Spanish cities, there is Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament (*Dios manifesto*) during the three days of Carnival, to make reparation to the Divine Majesty for the excesses committed during that festive time. As far as I could see, the amusements of the people were of the most harmless and innocent description, and the utmost good-humour prevailed ; still, any excuse for Exposition is a good one, and once more we realized with heartfelt joy the privilege of being in a Catholic country.

Our party at the hotel was enlivened by the presence of a north-country parson with two ladies of his family. We judged

from his appearance and general remarks that he was the rector of some remote Yorkshire parish, and had never found himself so far from home before. He had a bull-dog sort of face, with almost imperceptible whiskers, a choleric complexion, and a week's growth of sandy stubble on his chin. At luncheon he looked around, cleared his throat to command attention, and said in a melancholy voice: "Ahem! I regret to say that there was another of those brutal and bloody cock-fights yesterday—the *Sabbath!*" Then he proceeded to make some extremely offensive remarks about the Spanish priests, and the degraded and ignorant state of the people in general. Now I am not an admirer of cock-fights, nor do I wish to defend them, and I am sincerely glad that they have been put a stop to in England (at least publicly), but this I will say, that there is never a cock-fight in Tenerife that the English and American visitors do not flock to see it, and bet on the birds, and generally enjoy the sport as much as any Spaniard. The same with bull-fights. I let the parson run on for a little, and then I softly and unostentatiously took up the gauntlet. There was an ingenuous British youth present who took an enthusiastic interest in prize-fighting, and had all the names of the heroes of the ring, and their exploits, at his finger ends. And now I led this youth on quite naturally to discuss the noble science, and to describe a recent encounter between Jem Smith and Bill Jones, or Tom Snooks and Harry Somebody else (I really forget their illustrious names now), in an eminently realistic manner. As my unsuspecting instrument warmed to his work, and became more and more sanguinary in his details and energetic in his speech, silence gradually fell on the party opposite. The parson's jaw fell, while the ladies looked at me with disgustful reproach. Then I said gently: "Thank you, Mr. Jones, for your vivid description of a British prize-fight. We ought to be very thankful to Providence that we are English, and so far above these degraded Spaniards who fight with cocks." The Yorkshire parson said it was time to return thanks, and then he and his wife and sister-in-law withdrew somewhat hastily. He had not scored much that time.

It rained incessantly for three days and then cleared up. The fourth morning dawned clear and bright, a heavenly morning, and after breakfast we started for a walk, taking the Tejina road towards the hills. Nothing can convey an adequate

idea of the freshness and sweetness of the morning. All nature seemed to rejoice in the genial sunshine that had succeeded

That one long week of rain.

Brilliant butterflies flitted from flower to flower, the capriotes and canaries were singing rapturously in the blossoming fruit-trees, and the air was full of delicious scents, as the hot spring sunshine brought out the powerful aromatic odour of the eucalyptus avenue, and the more delicate fragrance of the rain-washed heliotrope in the little cottage gardens.

The roadside was gay with flowers: bright geraniums still sparkling with the wet, oleanders, both pink and white, and blue-eyed periwinkles, larger and finer than we ever see in England, adorned the banks on either side.

For the first time since our arrival we were favoured with a sight of the Peak. It came out with wonderful distinctness, a majestic vision covered from summit to base with new-fallen snow. I had never seen it look more beautiful. The great cone, nearly forty miles away, stood out in white relief against the blue of the sky, without the smallest fleck of upward floating vapour to dim its imposing outline; but far below, soft billowy masses of cloud lay sleeping in long motionless lines like a silver sea, the pine-clad heights of Esperanza forming an azure middle distance. Later on the Peak disappeared from view. It rarely remains visible all day; but on this occasion, I remember, no clouds came up as usual to hide it; it seemed to fade imperceptibly away, withdrawing gradually behind a veil of impalpable and gauze-like mist until it became the very ghost of a mountain, and finally disappeared altogether.

We struck out of the high-road, and took a rugged mountain path, a mere mule-track, that led upwards towards the forest of Les Mercedes. After a steady upward climb for some distance, I sat down to rest and sketch, while my companion strolled on to explore. Nothing could have been more restful and soothing than the scene, nothing more conducive to day dreams and *dolce far niente*. Merely to live on such a day was happiness. The summer wind lightly bent the whispering grasses. The bees were humming busily in the wild thyme and genista, and now and then a drowsy chime from the far-off cathedral tower came borne on the soft air.

By-and-bye, as I sat there on the warm turf, musing and sketching in a desultory sort of way, I heard the distant tinkle

of a bell. At first it mingled vaguely with my thoughts and I paid no attention to it, supposing it to be some goat-bell on the other side of the valley. However, it approached nearer and nearer, and presently round the shoulder of the mountain came a quaint and touching procession, toiling up the rugged ascent between the broad blades of the blue-green aloes. A picturesque peasant, in his big *sombrero* and blanket-cloak, led the way with the bell, followed by two other men bearing lighted candles in primitive green lanterns; while behind them rode a venerable, white-haired priest, in cassock, cotta, and stole, bearing on his breast the Holy of Holies that he was taking as Viaticum to some dying person amongst the mountains.

The priest was mounted on an old white mare, and behind her, in strange contrast to the sweet solemnity of the scene, came her six weeks old mule colt, a long-eared and unkempt little creature, which was gambolling about after the manner of its kind, now rushing on ahead, now leaping and frisking about the heels of its dam in innocent unconsciousness of the gravity of the occasion. A number of peasants in their Sunday clothes followed reverently; and as the humble procession proceeded on its way, it was most touching and beautiful to see with what deep devotion the rough charcoal-burners, and peasants coming down from the forest with brushwood, turned their loaded beasts from the path, and themselves knelt uncovered by the stony track while their Lord and God passed by. Nothing can be more impressive than to witness the warm, *living* faith of these Spanish peasants, and their fervent devotion for the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar. They seem to have a marvellous faculty for vividly realizing and bringing home to themselves this transcendent Mystery, which is unknown to us in England.

To them it is not merely "the Blessed Sacrament," it is Jesus Himself. Jesus dwelling in their midst, walking familiarly amongst them, sharing their joys and sorrows, never absent from them for a single day. At every village festival He must be present, as at the marriage-feast in Cana of Galilee. What Spanish gala-day was ever ushered in without Mass, at which every one attends? It is the annual *feria*, or the feast of the Patron Saint of the place, it must be inaugurated with a *Misa cantada* and procession of *El Santísimo*; and the streets must be decorated, and the flagstones of the little plaza strewn

with flowers and aromatic herbs from the mountains, for His feet to pass over. Then follows the feasting and the merry-making, and *fiesta* closes with Benediction.

The new-born infant is taken to the church directly it comes into the world and is given into His arms. He blessed the little children on earth and had a special fondness for them, and so in Spain the children are always put first in the church, that they may be nearest to Him. And when there is Exposition, and the altar is decked with flowers and gemmed with myriads of lights, shining like stars round the earthly throne of *Jesús Sacramentado*, they are allowed to sit in crowds on the altar-steps—a fact which always scandalizes the English excessively.

I had some insular prejudices myself once upon a time, and I remember remarking on this to a Spanish gentleman, with a tone of some annoyance, for Spanish children do not always behave with strict propriety any more than British ones. I said that in England we did not take children to church until they were old enough to know how to behave properly. He looked at me in surprise and said, "Oh, but our Lord is very fond of little children you know."

That settled the question of course. I felt rebuked, and I realized at once in what light Spaniards regard the matter. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not," is a command which in their eyes stands good now as in the days of old.

At life's closing scene it is the same thing. He comes in Person to visit the humblest peasant in the poorest hovel, to sustain and comfort the departing traveller about to set out on the last dread journey, and to accompany him through the Valley of the Shadow. Everything is done to prepare for and welcome the august Visitor, and the whole village turns out to meet Him. If He comes from a distance, scouts are posted along the mountain-road to watch for the priest, and the cottage however humble is rendered a marvel of neatness, with the little altar ready prepared. Spotless linen covers it, candles and flowers adorn it, and in the centre stands the crucifix, with holy water near and a sprig of wild rosemary wherewith to sprinkle it. Thus is the Incarnation indeed and in truth perpetuated to the Spanish heart in our Lord's Eucharistic life on earth.

How different is this simple faith and fervent love from

anything we are accustomed to in England, where devotion to the Blessed Sacrament seems a "lost art," and where even Catholics appear to believe rather with the head than the heart, and to tender our Lord in the Divine Host a cold conventional respect that is not far removed from indifference.

Here Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, banished so long from the land, ignominiously ejected from the noble churches and grand cathedrals built by our Catholic ancestors in His honour, seems scarcely at home amongst us even yet. A tolerant Protestantism, contemptuously indifferent, permits Him to remain, but it is rather as a dethroned and exiled Sovereign than as a King reigning by royal right over loyal and devoted subjects.

C. E. JEFFERY.

A Modern Achates.

CHAPTER III.

His nature is too noble for this world.—*Shakespeare.*

THE village of Gletherton was beautifully situated on the brow of a grassy hill, and its white cottages and graceful church spire shone out on a stormy day, from a dark background of cedars and silver firs which rose in the Abbey park. Further on might be seen a glimpse of the Abbey itself, grey and old and venerable in its stateliness—the quiet waters in the lake below re-mirroring it in all its beauty—and at the foot of the hill was the pretty ivy-covered school-house, built by the late Lord Gletherton.

A very busy day it was, a white-letter day to the simple countryfolk, who seemed, from first to last, prepared to make the most of it. Such bright faces looked out from doors and windows, such smart bonnets flashed down the winding street, such eager groups clustered round the market-house, or gathered at the gates of the little gardens, which spread before the better class of houses. Of course the most prominent were the Gletherton tenantry, all true to a man, and decked very conspicuously in the colours of their party; and a deafening cheer arose when the young Earl himself drove through the village on his way to meet the candidate. Lilius was with him, also Cora, the fourth seat in the barouche being occupied by the small King Charles spaniel, Fido, which engrossed a large share of the young ladies' attention.

The weather was delightful, and every one was in the best of tempers. Even Mrs. Fitzgerald, "though much too ill to come," had raised her languid head from the sofa, to declare that her sweet child looked lovely, and Cora positively angelic. In the latter decision Reginald heartily concurred. He was a cordial admirer of his little cousin, "had lost his heart to her," he would say, jestingly—was there no truth beneath the jest?

They drove right through the village and a mile beyond it,

to a wide open space of heathery moorland, flanked on one side by the dark Thornton woods, and commanding on the other a faint, hazy line of distant sea. Here it had been decided that they should meet the candidate, and hence the procession was to start. A great many carriages were already drawn up into position, and gay voices greeted the Earl and his party as they drove on to their appointed place. They had not long to wait; a recognition of friendly faces, a little chaffing of late arrivals, a little harmless pleasantry aimed at the absent enemy, and then, the sound of other carriage wheels upon the smooth, hard road beyond. The murmur of voices and of laughter died gradually away, a general flutter of veils and parasols succeeded, and many a fair young face bent forward, in half-pleased, half-timid expectation. Reginald, as usual, took the matter less tranquilly than his neighbours; his boyish shout of welcome would have indicated his whereabouts, had his place in the procession been much less prominent, and as his friend drew near, he actually stood up in his excitement, to the no small displeasure of his more stately sister.

But Mr. Charlton rose also, and replied with a bow and smile to his friend's eager greeting. The next moment he had passed them, taking his place at the head of the procession, which was soon in motion.

"Well, what do you think of him?" said Reginald, and though his manner had resumed its indolence, his words had a quiet triumph in them that provoked his sister.

She did not answer, and the question being repeated in tones a little less triumphant than before: "I do not like him at all," said Cora.

"Not like him at all? And pray why not?" said Reginald, now thoroughly mystified.

"He looks so cold and dignified, so *grave*."

"And what of that? Are all men of one pattern? Why, Cora, I expected differently. I thought you would have raved about him, and made him your ideal, child, for weeks to come."

"He looks like a knight-errant," said Lilies, flippantly. "Well, Reggie, he is handsome, I allow. I don't think he will make a better Member though for that."

"Is that all you see in him?"

"Yes. It is no use, Reginald, you must bow down and worship him for all of us. I never expected to admire him, and I never shall."

"Being my friend, that would be quite impossible," said the Earl, coldly.

"Well, he need not look so sad, just this one day," said Cora. Her tone was still a little aggrieved. The sunny, merry-hearted Reginald had long been her ideal. Just now he did not look so sunny, almost sulky, Liliás thought, but the cloud soon cleared off again, as he changed the subject.

"See, Cora, what a lovely view."

It *was* lovely; a great, white, fleecy cloud was shadowing over the valley, and casting a dreamy darkness over the low, blue hills which skirted it on the southern side; the white village, its scattered houses, gleamed all the brighter for the contrast, its gay streamers fluttering from the windows, and the many-coloured handkerchiefs and parasols moving in and out, as the crowd swayed hither and thither, again raising a cheer as the carriages passed through their midst.

Presently these drew up in front of a large building that stood in the centre of the village, and in which the meeting was to be held.

Reginald turned gaily to his cousin. "Cora, let me help you. Jump out, little one. You had better keep possession of Lily's hand. There is a bit of a crowd, and no time to be lost. This way, Liliás," offering her his arm; "we can enter by the side door."

There was a crowd, certainly, eager and admiring, but a little in awe of stately Liliás, who, though she had been among them longer than her brother, had not as yet acquired his popularity.

A row of *fautouils* had been reserved for them and several of their friends and neighbours; and thither Reginald pioneered them skilfully, consigning them to the care of Lady Seaham. He then left them and sought out his friend, who at a little distance was undergoing some necessary introductions.

Again Liliás looked on, indifferent, to all appearance, but with a little curiosity in her heart. It was a quiet greeting between the two, frank and cordial on the part of Edmund, rather like that of an elder brother than of an ordinary friend, but his words were few and to the point.

"How kind of you to come," were the first accents that reached her, and the low quiet tones made her start and flush, as though the memories of her childhood rushed suddenly upon her. Then some one interposed, and she did not catch what was said.

The next audible speaker was Reginald. "Oh, yes! I'm only an Irishman, and so as legal a voter as you are, *pro tempore*, that is, for there is no knowing how soon a vacancy in the Upper House, or the beneficence of Her Majesty's Government, may offer me a stepping-stone to fame. We have been longing to hear you speak, Charlton, and it's considerate of you to give us an opportunity so near home. They have asked me to propose you. I suppose a long speech is not needed?"

"Just as you please; long speeches are not looked for on these occasions."

"I feel shy before *you*. I say, don't speak too long yourself, Charlton, you must be tired to death of it already, and 'short and sweet' tells best with most of them," and he glanced, laughingly, towards the motley crowd that filled the hall to overflowing.

But Edmund laughed a little and made no answer.

Henry Seaham now came up to them. "It is almost time to begin 'business,'" he said, briskly. "You know I am your right-hand man to-day. Have you spoken to the ladies?"

"Is that part of the ceremony? Come, Edmund, I will introduce you. Lilius, Mr. Charlton, our new Member—well, I *hope* so."

Lilius bowed somewhat coldly. It would have been *very* coldly were it not that the grave look which had displeased Cora impressed and interested her, and she listened graciously to his few courteous words and expressed a hope in turn for his success. Then he moved away, exchanging greetings with the Seahams, and she leaned back in her chair, and taking Fido on her knee, awaited what was to follow in an attitude of assumed indifference. Lady Seaham watching her with some surprise, her daughter, Adelaide, with some amusement, each wondered at the want of interest she showed; but a general hush had by this time fallen upon the assembly, broken only by a few quickly suppressed cheers, as Lord Gletherton came forward to address them.

A little shy was he, as he had said, and "unaccustomed to public speaking," but his natural grace did much for him, and his merry glance and careless dignity did more. He kept his word and spoke briefly, introducing Edmund with a few warm words, grateful to his friend and honourable to himself.

Then Edmund rose in turn, and Reginald with a "that is over" sort of air, sank leisurely into his chair, and telegraphed

to Liliás a look of pleased expectation, which she did not deign to notice or return. A brief rustle of silken garments, a low whisper swiftly hushed, and all eyes were fixed on Edmund. To many he was a total stranger, to a few he was a dear friend.

He paused an instant, and his glance swept the crowd to which he was about to introduce himself. It seemed as though he would first study them, their characters, their opinions. A motley gathering truly, and not all friendly to his cause. The most of them were indeed Conservative in their views: Sir Ralph Seaham, one of his most prominent supporters, and his two sons; Mr. Cleve, the Earl's agent, who had canvassed for him zealously: Mr. Ellerton, and some dozen others with whom he was personally acquainted; Mr. Bertram, an old friend both of the Charltons and the Fitzgeralds, but Liberal in his opinions; Mr. Myddelton, a neighbouring squire, and a crowd of others whose names and politics were alike unknown to him; finally, the small group of ladies, fair and proud and aristocratic, with one among them fairer than all the rest, one smile upon whose lips would have been his brightest guerdon, but whose proud eyes were turned away from him, whose sympathy was still denied him, and yet he was her brother's friend. His pause was not of long duration, just long enough for the subdued murmur of gratified curiosity which had greeted his appearance, and which, for the moment, had brought the sensitive colour into his cheek, to have died into a silence equally auspicious, then he turned to his constituents and spoke.

A quiet, grave, calm speech at first, cold almost, Cora would have said, but warming gradually; his voice full, sweet, harmonious, winning his way to those to whom he spoke; his utter faith in what he told them forcing credence from them also, his lofty high-toned nature apparent in his every word; and when the theme became more stirring, his voice changed with it, and his eyes tender with a strange tenderness, melted and flashed as he appealed to them, now earnestly and pleadingly, and now in a sudden burst of brilliant eloquence, that seemed to take their hearts by storm.

Cora, tired and excited, burst into tears, and even Liliás, flushed and moved, bent forward to hear more. She had a good opportunity for studying him now. Eight years make a startling difference sometimes, and looking at him she hardly recognized him. He was tall and handsome and refined—that he had always been—and his clear-cut, almost perfect, features

harmonized with his quiet dignity and the sad, thoughtful expression of his dark hazel eyes. It was a face that told his whole story, his whole character, the courage, pride, and energy of a man, combined with a sensitiveness which was almost feminine.

Lilias, despite her many faults, had a warm, true heart and quick feelings. The present election was interesting to her. She had thrown herself into that view of politics which her ancestors in the past had held so dear. It was seldom that she had heard those views so clearly or so nobly set before her, and she sat there listening, eagerly and earnestly, with a fascination strange even to herself, when remembering her preconceived opinion of the speaker.

But Lilias, despite her unwilling admiration, was not the more ready to confess her mistake, to forgive Edmund for having proved her in the wrong. The tears were in her eyes when he concluded, but she turned away her face from her brother's glance of triumph, and listened in silence to the thunder of applause that greeted the concluding words.

When the usual thanks to the chairman had been moved, and another short speech had been made by Reginald in return, the crowd began to disperse, gathering, however, into little groups outside the hall, to get another glimpse of Mr. Charlton.

Presently Reginald joined his sister, and seeing her and his cousin safely in the carriage, turned once more to his friend: "I say, Charlton, when are you coming to us?"

Edmund, who had been making some arrangements with the agent, turned at his friend's voice and came forward, leaning, as he spoke, on the door of the barouche. He looked tired, and his voice, before so animated, was very quiet and low. "I will come to you before the polling, if you can have me then?"

"That's something to look forward to! We must have a houseful, Lilias."

"No, truly, Reginald, I would rather you were alone."

"Our 'Member' must think first of his constituents, cast shyness to the winds, and learn to be a public character! I know more of the world than you do, my sage mentor, so you must let me have my own way."

"Mr. Charlton knew the world, Reggie, when you were a little boy in knickerbockers," put in Cora, rather saucily.

"Granted; but since then he has been a veritable recluse, and I, thank goodness, haven't," said the Earl, somewhat piqued.

"Take my advice, Charlton, and show yourself to a few county people at the Abbey. It is always pleasant to be popular, and it can do no harm at any rate."

"I dare say you are right. I will leave it in your hands. I have long looked forward to a visit to you, and hope that nothing now will prevent it taking place. But I must not detain you any longer." He pressed Reginald's hand, raised his hat to the ladies, and the carriage drove on.

"Well, have you changed your mind?" said Reginald, as he turned his laughing eyes to Cora; "you listened to the speech at least and seemed to like it."

"Oh, yes; I like him so much better. He talked so nicely, it was like what one reads of."

"And a few years ago," said Reginald, musingly, "he was not only the most attractive, but the very gayest man in society."

"What a pity he is so changed," said Liliás. "Oh, yes; I know he has had troubles, we all have; as mother says, the world is made up of crosses." And her mind went back to the morning's vexation, when the roses in her new bonnet were just a shade too pale.

"Staunch to your colours," said her brother, much annoyed. "Well, Liliás, I despair of you."

His vexed tone caused his sister to relent. "No, I lower my flag, and own myself impressed. His speech was really very eloquent. Your championship prejudiced me, Reggie. You know you see through coloured spectacles."

"I do nothing of the kind; he is the best of fellows. I wish there were a few more like him."

"I wish he were more like other people."

"He is too far above them," said Reginald, loftily.

"It is just this vast superiority which I deny."

CHAPTER IV.

A venerable aspect.
Age sits with decent grace upon his visage
And worthily becomes his silver locks.
He wears the mask of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth, well-tried experience.—*Rosset*.

OLD BILL STEVENS (to whom we must now introduce our readers) lived in a small but pretty cottage on a snug little freehold just outside the Earl's demesne, and bordered on the southern edge of the Field Woods, and formed for an acre or two the division between the Gletherton estate and Mr. de Tracy's property of Thorndale. In the absence of the squire, from whom he also rented a small farm, Bill Stevens had accustomed himself to look up to Reginald as his acknowledged chief, and was always very pleased to see him when, as on the present occasion, a walk or a ride brought the Earl in that direction. The frank manners of the young nobleman had made him a general favourite, and with Stevens in particular this liking had ripened into an almost fatherly affection. Although nearly seventy, Bill was still a hale, active man: his long, white hair gave a venerable appearance to his deeply-lined features; there was a slight habitual bend in his once erect form, and he laid his hand more heavily than of old on his thick oaken stick. But it was a rough day that kept old Stevens from working on his little farm, in which he took a pardonable pride, and loved as one learns to love a place in which a lifetime has been spent. His life was not altogether a lonely one; the neighbours would often stop at his gate and have a chat as they passed up or down the glen, and when the family were at Thorndale, the boys were accustomed to run in and out of old Stevens' cottage almost as freely as though they had been his grandchildren. On this occasion, however, he was alone. Reginald knocked and entered, frankly extending his hand to the old cottager as he did so.

"Why it's never our young lord, is it?" said Stevens, shading his eyes from the glare of sunshine which Reginald let in with him. "Law sakes, Lord Gletherton, what a time it is since I set eyes on you."

"Election business, my good old friend. I have been up

and down the country all the summer, listening to speeches, aye, and *making* them, 'till I'm nearly fit for Parliament myself. And you know, besides, you are a little out of the way, Stevens. However, I said I would look in, and here I am."

"And glad am I to see you, me lord, very glad. And the young lady? and the missis? are they very weel?"

"Flourishing," replied Reginald, and then he seated himself, and signed to Stevens to do likewise. There was a careless grace in the gesture which suited him, an unconsciously commanding air as he threw down his hat, crossed his legs, and then, having made himself at home, turned to his host. "I want you to be a good neighbour, and give me your vote?"

Bill Stevens had expected this onset; he was not (as Reginald had hoped he would have been) in the least thrown off his guard. "Well, ye see, me lord."

"I don't like that 'you see,' Stevens. It shows that you have got hold of some crotchet, and, if so, I am afraid it will be difficult to move you." The tone was good-humoured, but there was a little too much of the "Gletherton" in it.

"It's na exactly that, me lord."

"Oh, but it must be that, or you would surely not refuse me. Come, Stevens, if Mr. de Tracy were at home, you know he would be the first to vote for Mr. Charlton."

"Well, yer lordship's about right, I grant ye; but somehow I've all along given my vote for t'other side, and I'm too old to change, ye see, me lord."

"Well, you are not young," frankly acknowledged Reginald. "But you know, Stevens, times have changed a bit, and men and politics change naturally with them. We are all going downhill together, in one long slide. Tories become Whigs, in policy if not in name, and Whigs are Radicals before they think of it. You may have called yourself a Liberal ten years ago, but I'll lay my life on it you are no Liberal now."

"Aye, it's well enow for eddicated men," said Stevens, as he stirred the wood fire, with a wise shake of his hoary head at the same time. "We does as we are told, and whichever party comes in victor, I don't see how we're the better for't."

"That is because you vote for the wrong man," said his guest, loftily. "Now see here, Stevens, Mr. Charlton is my friend—no better for that, some people might say; but I know him to be a clever man, and an honourable man, and one who,

if he once gets in, will not forget the constituents he represents, nor the promises that he has made to them—as many do. He is a staunch Catholic, too, which should surely ‘fetch’ an Irishman, and, to go back to the old starting-point, if you can’t be an old-fashioned Liberal (which means ‘Conservative’ in these days), what are you? I’ll believe that you have turned Radical when I have done so.”

“Mr. Clifton calls himself a Liberal still, me lord, and means it; and he is a safe, steady man; and that Mr. G——, whom they all talk so much about, he does say fine things surely.”

“Ah, he can talk,” said Reginald, smiling, “and get people to listen, more’s the pity. We Tories want to have fine speakers too, and so bring forward Mr. Charlton. Well, Stevens?”

“Nay, me lord, if ye want converts, seek out younger men. I know nowt o’ these things, and it’s too late to learn now.”

“‘Never too late to mend,’ as the old proverb says; and I think you will agree with me, Stevens, that the older you are, the less time you have to lose.”

“Well yer lor’ship’s no far wrong there,” said the old man, cheerfully, but without a sign of giving way.

“Well,” said Reginald, a little puzzled as to what he should urge next. He felt all the importance of winning over Stevens, who passed for a wise man among his neighbours, or at least of holding him neutral. “Well, Stevens, am I to have had my walk for nothing?”

“Well, me lord, there is Mr. Clifton,” replied the old man, reverting to his first objection. “He is a nice, pleasant-spoken gentleman, and I don’t care to offend him, and I don’t know Mr. Charlton.”

“You shan’t have that excuse,” said Reginald, quickly. “I’ll bring him over here to see you. And so you did not go to Gletherton?”

“No, me lord, it was a sight too far for me, and I’m getting hard of hearing. I’d have liked to see your friend though. I have heard say he’s a ‘good un.’ Well, me lord, I will not vote at all, if that will please you.”

“It would please me better if you did vote, in my favour. But beggars can’t be choosers, and I must take what I can get. At all events it is better than nothing,” he added, ruefully;

"and I'll look in again another day. You will mind your promise, Stevens?"

"Aye, aye, me lord."

Reginald continued his walk, slightly disappointed. He was unaccustomed to refusals; and he had calculated on the old man's hereditary respect for his family, no less than on his attachment to himself. Yet it was not in him to despair easily, to accept an adverse answer as a final one. He would try again, "a little later," so he said, but as the days went by, other matters claimed his attention, and he forgot this, as he forgot many things which he had better have remembered. It was always so with him. He was too careless to weigh things at their proper value. Keenly susceptible and zealous for the moment, the feeling soon wore off; the zeal deserted him, he broke off the employment or the argument, and seldom recurred to it again. His hands were full already of unfinished plans; of beginnings never destined to completion, of changes begun but to be relinquished. And as the present, so had been the past. Edmund Charlton had lectured him upon this weakness, by reason of that long-spoken promise to his father. Mr. Bertram, who had been the old Earl's lawyer, but who had now almost retired from practice, had done so also, from pure, honest friendliness; but they might just as well have held their peace, for any progress Reginald had made. He took advice usually pleasantly enough, but he rarely followed it up, unless upon the spur of the moment, before the slight impression had worn off. Sometimes, perhaps (but this was rare), he spoke petulantly, felt aggrieved, looked injured even; more often he laughed it off, treated it as a jest, in fact, but in either case dismissed it speedily from his mind.

"You have become almost a stranger here, Lord Gletherton," said Mr. Bertram, in a rallying tone, when, a few days after his visit to old Stevens, Lord Gletherton went through the, to him, unwonted formality of a morning call.

And Reginald knew that there was truth beneath the jest. "We are enemies," he said, laughing; "daggers drawn, war to the knife. My uncle would shudder in his grave, Bertram, if he knew what a red-hot 'Radical' his old friend has become."

"Nay, he cared little for politics, Lord Gletherton. It was your father who was ever so hot about them. 'The country was going to the dogs,' he used to say, whenever a new Bill was passed by us through Parliament."

"It is not much in my line," said Reginald, airily. "But you see now I have Charlton to support; I must get him in, and no mistake about it. I feel sure that it will be the making of him. I have been working very hard," he added, with some pride, "and speechifying and the dog-days, somehow, do not go together."

"I have heard of your exertions," returned Mr. Bertram, smiling. "But if you intend to carry your candidate, it must be at the sword's point."

"Strongly contested, are we? Well, all the better fun—tough work, but we'll win through it. To get Charlton in is the first step—that's easy—and after that——" He paused.

"The next step is to get us out of office, and hoist the Tories in our place?" said Mr. Bertram, a mocking light in his grey eyes.

"Just so," the words came rather sharply. "We'll do that also, before three years are out!"

There was a little pause, broken soon by Mr. Bertram, in his pleasant, genial tones. "'There's life in the old dog yet.' Well, Lord Gletherton, we won't quarrel over politics. There are good men on both sides—that I'll vouch for—and our work, yours and mine, lies nearer home. Forgive an old man's plain speaking," as his guest frowned and flushed a little.

"I have no time to be a man of business, if that is what you mean?" and Reginald's brow cleared, and he laughed pleasantly; "my time belongs to 'my country.' What? No approval of my patriotism? Mr. Bertram, I despair of you."

"I hope that when these elections are over——"

"Nay, then I shall require a rest; a trip to the tropics, or a fishing expedition to Norway. Not the right time, you say? There is the shooting then—a rare lot of pheasants Huntley has this year. You must come and help to shoot them?"

"I shall be delighted." But he looked as if he would fain have said more, and Reginald understood.

"I am out of favour, I can see—those terrible estate books! How they weigh upon your mind, Bertram, to say nothing about mine," he said, as he looked up provokingly from the depths of a lounge chair, and slowly lit a cigarette which his host offered him. "I saw them in Cleve's room the other day—nice tempting studies to beguile an hour with. I told him, however, that I would look over them some day."

"And he was, doubtless, much obliged to you?" was the somewhat cynical reply.

"You think so? Well, I don't," retorted Reginald. "We are not the least obliged to *you*, but quite the reverse." The laughing eyes and careless tone softened what might have been discourteous in the words. "I expect that he will find me a most troublesome pupil. I loathe arithmetic, and always did; but as virtue brings its own reward, I really do intend to look into things some day."

The "some day" was likely to be long in coming, thought Mr. Bertram. He did not answer, and Reginald, after a few vigorous puffs, continued: "I cannot think why you object to Cleve—you never used to? Always at his desk, steady, hard-working, I would not lead the life he does for anything. You ought to know him better by this time, the years and years that he has worked for the estate! My uncle trusted him," he added, presently, "and so do I."

And so Reginald certainly did, but then he had implicit confidence in every one he came across. Mr. Bertram may have thought of this as he replied: "The cases are not parallel. His father was the head man for some years, and when he finally succeeded to the office, he was at first responsible only in name. Carelessness was impossible in the old Earl's time, dishonesty still more so." Then, at a smothered exclamation from his guest; "I only say it was impossible. Never was there a bit of business in hand but your uncle knew it by heart; never a tree to be felled nor a wall to be built, but it had been first planned by himself. It was the only pleasure of his life, I may say. His estates were as dear to him as if they had been his children, and though he was always kind and generous, he was prudent also; and so he became a rich man, when he had been born a poor one."

"Yes, but it is a little hard to expect me to follow suit," said Reginald, in his cool, lazy tones. "My uncle worked hard to amass a fortune, and I am grateful to him, as in duty bound. But he was old, and I am young. The cases are entirely different."

"One does not expect an old head on young shoulders," was the kindly answer; "neither has there been time for much harm yet. You have only been of age five months, and though your guardian was in feeble health, your estates passed to you in good order. I dare say I seem to you somewhat wearisome

in my advice," as he marked a bored look in the handsome eyes, which were gazing impenitently through the low window to the sunshine-dappled lawn beyond, "but it is so much easier to take an interest in things from the first, than to take them up in two or three years' time, when their resumption will seem almost an injury."

But Reginald only shook his head, and Mr. Bertram wisely changed the subject to one more interesting and congenial to his guest. "I hear," he said, "that you are going to have a large gathering for the 'Nomination.' The Meadows are following your example."

"Yes, that they are. The Vivians will be there—seceders, more's the pity. You heard Charlton at Gletherton? What did you think of him?"

"I was not surprised at your friendship," said the lawyer, after a pause.

There was a good deal implied in those few words, and Reginald's slight sulkiness evaporated. He turned eagerly to Mr. Bertram: "I knew you would be pleased, I almost hoped converted. You were not?" rather disappointed.

Mr. Bertram smiled. "No, Lord Gletherton, I was not, but I was very much pleased. It was not the sort of speech that I expected from him; nor was he, I must own, what I had looked for, knowing him as I do chiefly through his relations at the Grange. I congratulate you on your friend, and I shall congratulate the 'House' if he gets in. He will make his mark there. For a country village like Gletherton, he was possibly a little too refined. But it is a fault on the right side."

"Charlton is a perfect gentleman," said the Earl. "I thought you would appreciate him. When his first shyness wore off, his eloquence surprised me. I had no idea he had such passion in him."

"His speech was all one could desire; his principles—well you know, Lord Gletherton, I do not think with you, and yet I am far from being a bigot in the matter. There are good men and clever men on either side, and if to some of us the politics he preached seemed a beautiful delusion, there was little doubt that he believed in them himself, and was prepared, as far as in him lay, to make them a reality, and that, you know, goes a long way with an audience already prepossessed by his appearance."

"I suppose it does," laughed Reginald, good-humouredly. "I wish old 'Isaac' had been there. Have you reported his rival's success to Mr. Clifton?"

"I gave him my opinion, the same that I have given to you. He had read the speech already in the *Herald*. He said it was an exceedingly able one, and that it was a real pleasure to have such a thorough gentleman to contest. You see he used your own words."

"They describe him exactly. Well, I will return the compliment, and say that Mr. Clifton is a generous rival. He knows Charlton already, I believe, or I should have wished to be the one to introduce them to each other."

CHAPTER V.

Gathering up each broken thread.

WHEN the day for the polling arrived, Edmund came, as he had promised, to the Abbey.

It was his first visit there, although he had been more than once invited, and he looked forward with a genuine pleasure to seeing Reginald in his own home, and renewing his acquaintance with the other members of the family. Mrs. Fitzgerald he remembered well in the old days: but he did not expect to find her quite the same. Rumour had prepared him for the languid, selfish woman of the world, whom he had only known before as pretty, delicate, and fretful, bound up in herself and in her son. Lilius, he knew, must have changed also. Their one brief interview at Gletherton had told him much: the verdict of the world had told him more: and the thought was painful, although, with a smile that had in it a strange bitterness, he told himself that it was best. Yes, it was best, quite the best, that the fair child he remembered had passed, both in herself and her surroundings, beyond his reach, and yet, proud and haughty as she now seemed, reserved and stranger-like as had been her greeting, there were few hours in his varied life which had not been pained or gladdened by the thought of her. It is not often in these latter days, that the boy's love ripens into that of the man: that the star of childhood remains the star of maturer years: that the love lit in a boy's heart, lends its tenderness, its constancy, to the heart of youth and manhood.

With Edmund Charlton such, however, was the case. The love which is strong as death was in his soul, consecrated and ennobled by trial and sorrow. And that love had been given unchangeably to Liliás Fitzgerald. He had loved her even when hope went from him : his poverty made a barrier between them : it forbade him to woo her as he had once been fain to do, when he could give so much and she so little. But yet, after long years he again sought her, for the love of the brother who was his friend, for the sake of the old dream that he must dream no longer.

But the meeting, when it came, was pleasant to him, more so than he had expected. State and formality were there indeed, it could not well be otherwise, in a household ruled by Mrs. Fitzgerald, but, on Reginald's part, warm and eager cordiality. He, indeed, had for some days past thought of little but his friend's coming : and when the auspicious day at length arrived, would willingly have driven to the station to receive him, if his mother had not interposed : "I can quite sympathize with your feelings," she said, deprecatingly, "but it is really not at all the thing to do. It is very nice of you to think of it, but, after all, Reginald, one owes something to one's dignity, and you are no longer a mere schoolboy."

And then, with a placid satisfaction in her own reflected grandeur, she proceeded to sketch out a programme of the way, to her thinking, the Earl of Gletherton could alone receive his guests. Liliás frowned, and Reginald protested ; proud as they both were, there was no pettiness about them : and Liliás, who scorned display of any kind, was also more impressed by Mr. Charlton, and more disposed to give him a frank welcome, than Reginald had even dared to hope. As for himself, despite his indolence and wrong-headedness, he had an instinctive good taste and kindly feeling, which led him in this instance to eschew formality, and greet his visitor like the old friend he was ; and, putting aside Edmund's known aversion to cigars (which he would probably have forgotten), would as readily as not have received him in the smoking-room. "Anything was better," he growled angrily to Liliás, "than pacing up and down in the big drawing-room, as stiff and starched as one of the old portraits, who, doubtless, had been good fellows in their time, in spite of all their grimness now."

And Liliás so far agreed with him, that when the carriage-wheels were heard at last upon the drive, she took her garden-

gloves and scissors, and retired to the conservatory, to re-issue, courteous, and a trifle shy, when all the ceremonials of arrival were well over. It was a pity, perhaps, for it was for her sweet face that Edmund looked, as he first crossed the threshold of her home: and her judgment of Reginald would have been kinder than of wont, could she have been witness of his warm, impulsive greeting. He had never looked to greater advantage than in his eager, boyish welcome of his friend.

But what did Mrs. Fitzgerald think about it? No stateliness, no formality—not the least semblance of it, not even proper dignity. A cordial, heart-felt word on either side, a brother-like familiarity, the deference all, it seemed, on Reginald's part: and then, before she ceased to wonder, the two were standing together by her side, and the grave, dark eyes that she so well remembered, were bent upon her, and the present faded suddenly, and the memories of the past came over her. Then Mrs. Fitzgerald's better self prevailed, and Edmund had no reason to complain of his reception, which, though somewhat languid and affected (could she help it?), was at once warm and sincere. It was impossible not to extend a warm welcome to him, remembering the scenes which he had mingled in, the sorrows which they had in some sort shared: and, as she gazed upon him, thinking of those past days, a faint perception came to her that time had told upon him: that he was in some way better, nobler, even if graver than before. Those eight years had brought little change to her, in her luxurious, uneventful life: but it had not been so with him; and whilst half rising from her couch, she held out a white, jewelled hand to him with graceful affection, there was a kindly light in her soft blue eyes, a deprecating sweetness in her languid words.

"It is so long since we met," she said, "and I am very glad to see you. So is Reginald; he has talked of nothing else. You never seem to be at liberty, but I hope you will now pay us a long visit. I am sure" (an after-thought) "you will excuse my rising. I am such an invalid, am I not, Reggie?" with an appealing glance at her son.

"I am afraid you are, mother," said Reginald, regretfully, whilst Edmund hastened with courteous grace to anticipate any further apology.

Then Liliás came in, fair and gracious, her hands laden with roses and westeria: her greeting kind but stately; closely followed by her cousin, Charley Montagu, Mrs. Glennington,

and others of the guests. These gathered gaily round the tea-table, discussing the last items of election news. Edmund, meanwhile, stood a little apart with Reginald, watching Lilius's graceful movements, or listening to her careless talk; and meditating, may be, on his new surroundings, linking the present with the past, which already seemed so distant and so dim.

"Edmund," said Lord Gletherton, two or three evenings later, as Mr. Charlton entered the drawing-room before dinner, and joined the group before the fire, "Here is an old friend of your uncle—of Lady Julia also, Mr. Oldcastle."

Edmund turned hastily, for he remembered Mr. Oldcastle well. They had met last in the early days of his misfortunes, when the kind old lawyer had been a friend to him, an adviser and a helper when friends were few. Mr. Oldcastle remembered also: but it was difficult to recognize the passionate, impulsive lad whom he had then known in the stately, sad-eyed man who turned to meet him, and his first words were abrupt: "What have you done to yourself? You are so altered that I did not know you!" Then, "I beg your pardon. I have forgotten my manners in forgetting you. But what have you been doing all these years—eight, isn't it?—since we met last?"

"I have grown older," said Edmund, with a smile, as he returned the friendly grasp, "let us hope, wiser also," and then some one else spoke to him, and the lawyer turned to Reginald. "So that is Edmund Charlton," he said, half sadly. "Ah well, you did right to introduce me. Time tells more than one can fancy, when once trouble gets hold of us. It doesn't seem so very long; though my grey hairs reproach the saying," as he passed his hand, a little ruefully, through his scanty locks. "A handsome lad he was—he is a handsome man now—but those lines upon his face are there too early. I am glad you are such friends, Gletherton," he added, in a lighter tone; "he is a very safe companion for you."

"You would like to see me such another? Such heights are beyond my reach. It breaks my neck even to look at them."

"You could reach them in time. Shall I tell you how to set about it? Well," with a mischievous look, "choose good men for your friends, and mould your ways on the experience of others."

"Charlton was so remarkable in his choice of friends," said Reginald, coolly.

"And lived to rue it. Don't you do the same. I hope you will get him in, Gletherton. They say there is a doubt of it? 'Tis his vocation, to a certainty; and we want a few such men. Is not that Frederick Manley over there? Well, 'tis an old saying that 'extremes meet.'"

"Mr. Charlton, will you take down my daughter?" the words broke in, in Mrs. Fitzgerald's languid voice, and Edmund turned, gladly, to obey.

Lilias was surprised, but not displeased: the last day or two she had had little intercourse with Edmund, whose time was mostly filled with electioneering duties, but she had watched him with the interest which his position as their candidate and the strong friendship of Lord Gletherton might seem to warrant, and she was not sorry that an occasion was now offered her of becoming more acquainted with him. Her prejudices were already dying away. There was that in his look, his smile, in the very tone of his voice, which reminded her of the past: and although it was hard to recognize in him the friend and playmate of her earlier days, at least the consciousness of that past friendship seemed to bridge over their reserve, and made it impossible to treat him as a stranger. "It has been a busy day for you," she said, presently, as he led her from the room. "I trust it has been successful, but we have a very stolid population in these parts, and few care really whom they vote for, or which party gets in."

"Gletherton has told me that the Liberals run us hard, that they nearly won at the last election here: but we still hope for the best. After all the trouble that he has taken for me, I should be indeed sorry to fail."

"And for yourself also, you wish success?" she said, raising her eyes momentarily to his, as if to read the thoughts enshrined there.

"Most certainly. Do you think I do not?" with a little swift surprise in look and tone. "The new life will be very grateful to me," he added, after a pause. "You know that I have lived a hermit's life, and naturally grown selfish, misanthropical. It will be strange now, doubtless, working for my fellow-men, yet, somehow, I feel eager to begin."

Lilias laughed softly. His words were half in jest, she knew they were not wholly so: the smile sat half pathetically

on his grave face (or she who knew his story, thought so): she knew that he would feel the mingling once more in the world: the rush, the crush of men: the jar and strife, it might be, of the political arena, after the solitary life that had been his; but she felt that he would do his work there, despite the pain, despite the struggle: that the very difficulties would brace and strengthen him, and make of him a happier man. They had reached the dining-room by this time, and as he placed himself beside her, she answered him, her tones a little low and grave: "It must be such a change to you," she said, simply, "as great as it once seemed to me to change my pleasant life at Rushton for London and for school."

"A dreary change indeed," he said. "You used to seem so happy in those old days, to delight so in fresh air and sunshine. The country life seemed natural to you."

"It was there you first became acquainted with my brother?"

"With you both. We were living then at Everton, not very far away. It was just before the Crimean War broke out, and I, a mere lad, fresh from Sandhurst, was gazetted into your father's corps. I used often to ride over there, to get acquainted with him, as he said, but I had known him well before. My earliest, as well as my best friend," he added, in a lower tone.

"I am glad to hear you say so. I am glad to think you knew and loved him," and the girl's voice had a tenderer accent, as she lifted her eyes questioningly to his.

"I could not help it," he said, gently. "Thrown with him for long months, for years even, in hardships, difficulties, dangers. He was so brave, so fearless, Lady Lilies," as her eager eyes seemed to ask further, "at the same time so considerate and kind, even when we had the misfortune to displease him," he added, after a pause.

"Then he did occasionally lecture you?" said Lilies, with a swift, bright smile.

"Certainly, he was my senior officer."

"Were you afraid of him? I mean all of you?"

"I think we loved him too well," he said, gently. Then, as the girl's eyes filled with tears, he added, slowly, "His reproofs were just what a reproof should be: kind, fatherly, and wise: his counsel such, looking back upon the past, that one wonders how we could have heeded it so little."

"Advice is easier to give than to accept, at any time, is it not, Mr. Charlton?"

"Too often, I fear, especially when one is eighteen, and thinks oneself wiser than all the world. Yet, had he lived a little longer, my life might perhaps have been a different one," he added, it seemed partly to himself.

"You were with him when he died? Oh, Mr. Charlton, how I envy you."

And then she paused, and he paused also, for the thoughts that rose in either mind were too deep for words.

The dinner, with its numerous courses, was drawing to its close. A merry buzz of conversation assailed Liliás, as she sat silent: a little pleasant laughter rippling through it all: and a glow of waxen tapers falling on the silver and the flowers, with which the table was profusely decorated. Liliás did not notice this. Her thoughts were absent: first with the father, so loved, yet so long dead: and then with the quiet, grave, earnest man who sat beside her whom all these guests were here to meet: for whose success all hoped and strove, and who, so long misjudged by her, was winning his way fast to her esteem. She could not help being interested in him: his frankness, the simplicity with which he spoke, were alike pleasing to her. Later, when she knew him better, it might be this latter characteristic which would most attract her, as differing the most from the studied world around her. Her meditations were, however, soon disturbed by the witticisms and *bons mots* of her lively neighbour, Mr. Oldcastle, who, claiming the privilege of an old friend and acquaintance, began presently to rally her on her unusual silence and abstraction.

"I am afraid you have a dull neighbour," he said, with a half smile, and then Liliás, for once, took up Mr. Charlton's defence.

In the meantime, Edmund himself fell a victim to Mrs. Ellerton, the wife of a large landowner possessing influence in the neighbourhood. He had already been introduced to her husband at the meeting, and had received from him a cordial promise of support. The approaching "Nomination" was a safe topic of conversation, and, whilst somewhat frankly catechized upon his hopes, fears, and feelings generally, his special opinion upon this subject, or on that, Edmund's ready tact and courtesy kept him clear of every difficulty, while Mrs. Ellerton herself had the satisfaction of believing that she was "patronizing" the new candidate.

It was strange after discussing the immediate topics of the

day, to revert once more to the past, as Lady Liliás presently again addressed him: "You think that Reginald is like my father?"

"I think that he will one day be so. There is a great resemblance now in feature; but age, experience, and strong self-discipline, had strengthened and matured your father's character, before I knew him."

"Self-discipline means—failings conquered, passions fought against? Has Reginald strength of character enough for that?"

"I trust so. Then," as she looked somewhat doubtful, "he is indolent, and it may be a slow process, but he has the makings of a fine character, and I trust his happy boyish disposition will make the task of self-conquest more easy."

"We have strong passions, most of us," said Liliás, thoughtfully. "Of Reginald's, you probably know more than I do."

"I know him to be a thoroughly nice fellow," said Edmund, warmly. "I have seen much of him, and seem to know him well."

"And I know absolutely nothing of him," answered Liliás, rather bitterly.

There was a brief pause, then he spoke questioningly, "I have never understood," he said, "why you and Gletherton, so nearly the same age, should have been brought up so far apart, and have seen, apparently, so little of each other. Since Rushton, unless I am mistaken, even your holidays were rarely spent together?"

"We were together until my father died, and my mother gave up Rushton and went to live in Bryanston Square. She always had liked London best, you know, though Reginald and I both hated it, and then Uncle Gletherton came up to see us, and he liked me," with a pretty blush, "and took me down with him to Gletherton. After that my holidays were spent here."

"It is a fine old place," he said, warmly; "you must soon have learned to love it."

"Love it! I love every tree and shrub about the place!"

The tone as well as the words were so ardent, that Edmund looked up in surprise. It was the first spark of enthusiasm which he had seen in her, and he began to think her less changed than he anticipated.

She had coloured a little as she ceased speaking, and now

as if in explanation: "It has been my home so long," she said. "My pleasantest memories are bound up with it. Even Rushton, which I was once so fond of, can only hold a secondary place, and yet, beautiful as it is, happy as were the hours I spent here, I think, were I to live my life again, I would rather have grown up *at home*."

"That is the case with most of us," he said, smiling, "we see the flaws in our past circumstances, and wish they had been ordered differently, and yet, it might not have been better for us."

"But you see, Mr. Charlton," said Liliás, eagerly, "the flaws that I regret are real substantial ones. I know it was pleasanter by far to ride through country lanes and study trees with Uncle Gletherton, than to spend the summer in a dusty town. But still, I should have grown up with my brother, and," with a little quiver in her voice, "we should have understood each other better now."

"It is difficult to fall in at once with other people's habits, and Gletherton is still very boyish for his age. His character will take some time to form, but it will be formed upon the model of his ancestors, and more especially his father's."

"I hope so, oh, I hope so! it is my one great wish," said Liliás, fervently. And now the girl's voice was a little sad, and her eyes had a far-off look, as though rather speaking to herself, than to the calm, grave stranger at her side. She *could* not make a stranger of him, her every memory forbade it, and so she went on with her brief history, a kind of unacknowledged feeling in her breast, that therein lay her sole excuse and reason for the worldliness she had never before realized so keenly, for the gulf, wide but impalpable, that held her and Reginald apart.

"My brother's holidays and mine were spent apart, our school-days necessarily so. I was in Paris when my uncle died, and when, months later, I returned here, the dear old place seemed strangely unfamiliar. My mother and Reggie took my uncle's place; they were all to each other even then—as I had been—to *him*. It seemed, at first, a home no longer."

"And yet, in one sense, more truly so than ever."

"What *is* it that makes home, Mr. Charlton?" she said, impulsively; "because, whatever it was, it was found wanting."

A grave look crossed his face, and he did not answer. It was a subject on which he felt strongly, he who had yearned

so passionately for a home—who had so loved that which he had lost. But he could not for the moment enter into it with her, in the new, changed phase in which they now met; and chilled a little by his apparent want of sympathy, a proud look came into her face, and the tender softness left her eyes. When she spoke again, her theme was different. Lady Seaham, who sat opposite, watching her somewhat intently, was surprised at the various shades on the girl's face, the quick transition from gaiety to sadness, from gentleness to dignity, surprised perhaps even more at the refined face beside her, that for all its long apprenticeship to suffering, had not learnt to mask its sensibility, or hide either its pleasure or its pain.

"And that man aspires to a Parliamentary career!" thought Lady Seaham, with a little pity in her kind face. "Heaven help him, if he take life so seriously, when his character, his hopes are pulled to pieces, as they will be often by his foes. There is no man has so many foes as he who means to make his mark in politics—spiteful foes, too," with a glance at Mrs. Clifton, who, invited as an old friend of the family, was also studying, but less kindly, the Tory candidate.

But the chief wounds in Edmund Charlton's heart had ever been dealt him by his friends. It was the memory of past happiness which had brought those shadows now—not wholly of pain, for the happiness had been long past, and it was the tender lingering sadness which hangs about old joys which now quivered in his smile and gave new softness to his eyes. It was Lilius who had reverted to the past, in which, if she remembered less than he did, there was still for her a certain charm.

"Amongst the old faces which stand out most prominently, there is one whom you must also have known well," she said, "my uncle, Sir Charles Mornington—your uncle, also?" questioningly.

"My mother's brother? Yes; I knew him well, a kindly, hospitable, generous old man. I owe much to him," he said, earnestly.

"A good true man, the very best I ever knew; I really hardly think there was a fault in him."

He smiled a little at her earnestness, but he did not gainsay her words.

"There are indeed few like him, so thoroughly unselfish and unworldly, so truly honourable and upright;" then, checking

himself suddenly, "I owe him much, too much to be lukewarm in his praise, yet his nephew is perhaps not quite the one to proclaim his worth."

"His niece echoes your words," said Lilius, very warmly. Then, after a moment's pause, "Why is it that so few resemble him?"

"I do not know," he answered, gravely. "It does not seem so very difficult, and yet, even amongst the very best of us, there are so often flaws and inconsistencies, which mar and spoil and overshadow all the good."

Lilius glanced towards him for an instant, thoughtfully, where were his flaws, his inconsistencies? She knew her own, too well. She studied the grave face, the quiet eyes, and she felt baffled. Was it love of this world's honour, or too sensitive shrinking from men's blame? or the too strong hold on human friendship and support? Was it all of these, or any, or none? She dropped her eyes again, and the question was not answered; her thoughts strayed on to others whom she had known, and when she spoke again it was of them. "I have seen people," she said, "and known and loved them: kind, generous, religious in their way, men who would scorn to do a cruel deed, or take undue advantage of another, who yet nursed in their souls some cherished failing, some hidden pride, some nurtured prejudice, which, to all except themselves, seemed inconsistent with the tenour of their lives. These long hot feuds in my own family, for instance, what can you say of them, save that they are inexplicable."

They were inexplicable to Edmund Charlton. Strive as he might, he could not understand them. His nature was too noble for rancour long to linger in it, too generous to comprehend even the want of generosity in others. His religion was too heartfelt, too sincere, his humility too great to withhold forgiveness from another. His words, when he at last answered her, were spoken absently, and a far away look was in his face and in his eyes.

"It has always been a mystery to me," he said, slowly, "but I think that every man has so much to be forgiven, that he should not harden himself against other men, be their sin against him what it may."

Many times during dinner, Mrs. Fitzgerald had glanced towards her son, "to see what that dear boy was doing." She rejoiced to see him there with his sunny smile, his graceful

hospitality, his almost boyish gaiety of heart. As she looked from him to Liliás, from Liliás to Mr. Charlton, there was a placid satisfaction on her face. Left to herself, she would, of course, have desired a much grander alliance for her beautiful and stately daughter; but Reginald had set his heart on this, and Reginald's will was usually hers also. Liliás, too, marry whom she would, must always rank amongst the first ladies of the county; whilst Edmund, so full of talent, genius even, would surely make himself a proud position. If only she could be *quite* sure that he would inherit Charlton Grange!

Reviews.

I.—ANGLICAN ORDERS.¹

IT is most unfortunate that the complex question of fact, on which that of Anglican Orders rests, should be so largely confounded with that of the true position of the Church of England, which is a plain matter of doctrine. It is commonly assumed that if the Anglican body can be shown, even presumably, to possess a true priesthood, they will thereby have scored an all-important point against Rome, and placed themselves in a position to demand recognition, on something like equal terms. To the mind of a Catholic there is something inexplicable in such confusion of issues which are utterly distinct. Valid Orders do not make a Church true; though the true Church must possess valid Orders; and were all the contentions of Anglican apologists on the subject of their Orders proved up to the hilt, this would no more show the Establishment to be guiltless of schism, than the fact that Nestorius was a Bishop and Patriarch prevented him from being a heretic. The one essential point in the controversy, as has lately been so admirably urged by our Cardinal Archbishop, is the validity, not of Anglican Orders, but of Papal claims. If these are baseless, then is the Bishop of Rome the most arrant of pretenders: but if they are, as he proclaims, divinely sanctioned, then are those who resist them, bishops and priests as much as simple laymen, in a state of rebellion—albeit often unconsciously—against lawful authority. To make it a condition that Rome should abate her pretensions as a condition of reunion with her, is but to profess a willingness to join her, when she shall acknowledge herself an impostor.

Nevertheless, the matter of Orders assumes too vital a character in the eyes of High Churchmen to be allowed to sleep, for although it be true that their possession does not

¹ *Reasons for rejecting Anglican Orders.* By the Rev. Sydney Smith, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society. 150 pp. One shilling.

make a Church true, yet it is obvious that the want of them stamps one as false; and with that singular lack of power in grasping principles which seems inseparable from non-Catholic theology, it appears to be thought that to make out a plausible, or probable, case for her possession of Orders, is equivalent to vindicating for the Church of England the claim to be a portion of the Church of God.

The question has, moreover, recently been complicated by the doubtless well-meant, but most ill-advised interference of two eminent French ecclesiastics, who having made, as is evident from their own writings, no special study of the subject, have come forward as champions of the Anglican view, against that which has from the first been held by Catholics, and have proclaimed their belief in the validity of English Orders. So great is the confusion and unsettlement of mind likely to result from this unfortunate proceeding, that Catholic writers have no choice but to continue to urge the arguments which demonstrate the fatal unsoundness of such a position.

In the little book before us, Father Sydney Smith makes a valuable contribution to this important work. The kernel of his plea is in effect an expansion of Cardinal Newman's famous dictum, that in this matter "Antiquarian arguments are altogether unequal to the urgency of visible facts." It is on Antiquarian arguments, and on these alone, that the Anglican case rests, and the kind of certainty to which, at the best, it can aspire is akin to that which Dr. Schliemann claims for his conclusions regarding Troy. On the other hand, the obvious fact is undeniable that the rite on which the validity of these Orders wholly depends, was one deliberately framed by men who disbelieved in Orders altogether, so as to contain nothing to indicate the existence of those powers, which we are asked to believe that they conferred. "In short," says Father Smith, "the Anglican Church devised an Ordinal devoid of the elements which every Catholic theologian recognizes as essential to a sacrament." The argument thus summarized, is lucidly enforced by a careful examination of the said Ordinal, and the circumstances of its production.

Two other points, of great importance, are likewise dwelt upon. In the first place, it would have been bad enough, if private individuals had temerarily undertaken, on their own authority, to depart from the ancient form and usage of the Church, and substitute, in this all-important function, a method

of their own devising, and Orders thus indecently administered could never, under any circumstance, be recognized as certainly valid by the Church, which, in spite of her Divine commission, has from the beginning felt it incumbent upon her scrupulously to retain the actions and ceremonies handed down to her, though from time to time adding such others as might more fully declare the significance of the rite. What then are we to say in the case that is actually to be considered? Is it not true, that, as the only instance in her history, she is asked to acknowledge the existence of Orders, on the strength of an Ordinal expressly designed to terminate their existence?

Moreover, even on the ground of Antiquarianism, there is at least one essential link in the chain of evidence which can never be supplied with that certainty which is essential. Was Barlow, who consecrated Parker, ever himself consecrated? That he was so, there is no proof worthy of the name, beyond the mere presumption that consecrated he must have been; and though this might at first sight appear strong enough, there are, as Father Smith elaborately shows, a multitude of inferences and circumstances, all pointing one way, to the effect that this man, notoriously of evil life, and an utter sceptic as to the sacramental character of his office, contrived to secure possession of that for which alone he cared, the temporalities of his diocese, without the accompaniment of the Orders which he despised.

Springing from such a rite as Cranmer's, administered by such a man as Barlow, with the express intention of ensuring the change of religion in our land, Anglican Orders assuredly present no feature which is likely to persuade Catholics to recognize them as Divine. Can we suppose, asks Cardinal Newman, that the Church of England possesses a gift, which from the beginning she has, as a Church, consistently repudiated?

2.—FOUARD'S ST. PAUL.¹

We have always admired the Abbé Fouard's works dealing with the Life of our Lord and the Apostolic times, beyond those of any of his numerous French and German contemporaries

¹ *St. Paul and his Missions.* By the Abbé Constant Fouard. Translated with the Author's sanction and co-operation by George F. X. Griffith. London: Longmans and Co., 1894.

who have written upon the same subjects, and it is fair to add, that length of acquaintance has only intensified our appreciation. There is a certain sobriety and maturity of judgment in the Abbé Fouard's views not always to be found in the authors just alluded to. He is a writer who never allows either piety or poetry to get the better of his common sense, and while he retains much of that admirable literary form and clearness of presentment which is the distinctive quality of French historical work, he is at the same time more conscientious than most of his countrymen in the citation of authorities, and the testimonies he cites are not usually pressed beyond the meaning they will legitimately bear.

We have been rather late in noticing this translation, and the original has now been before the world for more than three years. It deals, as many of our readers will be already aware, with the period covered by the second half of the Acts of the Apostles, the first half having been previously dealt with in the volume entitled *St. Peter*. The two books, therefore, supplement one another. We do not find all that the Abbé Fouard has to say about St. Paul in the volume before us, much that it is most important to remember having already been put on record in the pages of its predecessor. On the other hand, St. Peter's further apostolate is not here left out of sight, and in the Epilogue we have an admirably written summary contrasting the mission of the two. We can only express a hope that the pious and learned author is not going to stop short here, and that the general title *Les Origines de l'Église* which is conspicuous on the fly-leaf of the French edition, indicates his intention to produce a series of volumes which shall be both counterpart and antidote to the well-known anti-Christian work of the late M. Renan.

Although M. l'Abbé Fouard has made the Acts of the Apostles serve as framework to his book, he has not contented himself with merely illustrating and paraphrasing the narrative of St. Luke. It was essential, as he clearly saw, to any adequate presentment of the character of St. Paul that the Epistles also should be constantly laid under contribution. We may quote as a specimen of Mr. Griffith's vigorous, if somewhat free, translation, the passage from the Preface, in which the author defends his use of the Epistles.

Reading his (St. Paul's) life-story in St. Luke alone, one would imagine that his was a forceful and energetic nature, capable of breaking

down and dominating all resistance, yet devoid of grace and tenderness withal; the Epistles give us the softer lines lacking in this bold sketch, showing us that mingled with this strength of will were certain qualities of heart and soul which made him eminently loveable. It is in this that St. Paul differs from those great men of earth who, like him, have been leaders of mankind. Pride and egoism are the distinguishing traits of these masterful characters, their personality thereby crushing and absorbing all that stands in their way. Such men of genius succeed in subjugating their followers for a time, they extort our obedience and compel our admiration, they cannot win our love. St. Paul's Epistles prove that his greatness sprang from a very different source, he is the peer of the most powerful spirits of this world, in mind, in vigorousness of action, in mastery of men's souls; yet always he is a man like one of us, winning our hearts as much by the weaknesses as by the generosity of his nature. As loyally as he lays bare before us the mighty aspirations of his heart, even so frankly does he conceal not a whit of his wretchedness and of his physical infirmities, thus tempering his native pride with the charm of a touching humility.

The maps in the English edition seem to us to be rather an improvement in point of clearness upon those of the original, but the plan of Ephesus, taken from Wood's well-known work and re-engraved for the French publishers, does not appear, presumably from some difficulty about copyright. *En revanche* the translator supplies an Index, a really valuable addition. It was not, we suppose, any part of Mr. Griffith's function to furnish notes to his original, otherwise we might have been tempted to suggest that some account of Professor W. M. Ramsay's important and original investigations into the North Galatian question and other topographical details connected with the life of St. Paul, which presumably appeared too late to be utilized by the Abbé Fouard himself, would have been most acceptable. We may note, in conclusion, that the spelling of the work is American, though Messrs. Longmans' name appears on the title-page.

3.—THE "PROSES" OF ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.¹

The services which M. Léon Gautier has rendered to students of the literary history of the middle ages are many and various. He has long stood in the very first rank of that band of scholars who have made the people, the amusements,

¹ *Œuvres Poétiques d'Adam de Saint-Victor*. Texte critique par Léon Gautier, Membre de l'Institut. Troisième Edition. Paris: Alphonse Picard, 1894.

the studies of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries almost as intimately known to us as the period of the French Revolution. In one branch particularly of mediæval lore he is confessedly unrivalled. Of the early metrical compositions destined for the service of the Church, the Tropes, the Proses, and the Sequences which form such a striking feature in the liturgical monuments of that particular age, no living scholar has a knowledge which can compare with his. It must be the earnest desire of all who are interested in such subjects that he may live to complete that great work on the liturgical poetry of the middle ages, the first instalment of which, published in 1886, must be the text-book and the point of departure of all future inquirers. In the meantime M. Gautier, if he still keeps his friends waiting impatiently for the continuation of his History, is not uselessly employed. We have before us the third edition of the Liturgical Poems of Adam of St. Victor, a work which bears a touching dedication to the memory of Dom Guéranger, Abbot of Solesmes, and is in itself in every way worthy both of that great lover of the ancient rites and chants of the Church to whom it is dedicated, and of the truly Catholic and scientific spirit of the author who makes the dedication. The book is a model for all works of the same class. Nothing could be clearer and more concise than its Prefaces and notes, nothing more complete than its references. With each Prose we are put into possession of all the reasons for regarding it as the genuine work of Adam, and every variant is carefully recorded. In an Appendix on the "Proses before the time of Adam" we have an essay, which, written as it is by a master-hand, by one who possesses in a singular degree the gift of concise and clear statement, would alone be worth the very moderate sum at which the book is issued. Indeed it may be recommended as the very best introduction to the subject for all who would gladly know more of the class of poems still represented in our Missal by such compositions as the *Victimæ paschali* and the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*. The great development which trope-writing received in this country in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries ought to make the work particularly interesting to English readers. Those who are unacquainted with Adam of St. Victor's poetry may be glad to have a specimen of it which we take from his Prose for the feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The piece is interesting if only from the fact that it must have been written within twenty years of the Saint's martyrdom.

Gaude, Sion, et lætare ;
 Voce, voto, jocundare
 Solemni lætitia :
 Tuus Thomas trucidatur :
 Pro te, Christe, immolatur
 Salutaris hostia.

Archipresul et legatus
 Nullo tamen est elatus
 Honoris fastigio :
 Dispensatur summi Regis
 Pro tutela sui gregis
 Trusus est exsilio.

We have not space for the whole, but we may add the fourth stanza :

Tunc rectore desolatam
 Et pastore viduatam
 Se plangebatur Anglia ;
 Versa vice, plausu miro
 Exsultavit tanto viro
 Senonensis Gallia.

4.—THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETO.¹

It has been said that the ridicule of one half of the world, and the devotion of the other, entitle the House of Loreto to rank unquestionably as the most famous of Christian sanctuaries. Absolutely unique among the records of the marvellous, its history appears too improbable to have been invented, while personal inspection of the remarkable features which it presents, has availed more than anything else to convince not a few intelligent observers of the truth of the traditions concerning it. It holds, moreover, a pre-eminent position in regard of devotion to the Mother of God, whose Litany, though not originating there, has come to be universally known as that "of Loreto."

There was room for a new book upon this history, in spite of the excellent, but unhappily uncompleted, lectures of Father Hutchison, and the admirable chapter devoted to it by Provost Northcote in his *Celebrated Sanctuaries of the Madonna*, and this Mr. Garratt, full of enthusiasm for his subject, supplies in the work before us. His task has evidently been one of love, and he has been at infinite pains to produce something worthy

¹ *Loreto, the New Nazareth.* By William Garratt, M.A. London: Art and Book Co., 1895.

of his theme. He has visited Nazareth to examine the original site of the sacred edifice. Loreto he knows intimately, and he gives an elaborate description of every feature as it now appears. The history of the various marvels, occurring at the close of the thirteenth century, which resulted in the establishment of the Holy House on its actual site, is supplemented by that of the miracles, graces, and devotion of which it has been the theatre, by the opinions of theologians, discourses, poems, official documents, Papal acts, and other monuments regarding it, and a mass of other matter, both instructive and edifying.

Well as the work has been done, and solid as is the contribution thus made to our instruction, we cannot but wish that the author had been somewhat less eloquent and effusive, and had forborne to break up the thread of his narrative by outbursts and apostrophes, which, however much they redound to the credit of his own sentiments, will not assist the average reader to get a clear grasp of the evidence. When dealing with this, Mr. Garratt amply proves himself a competent guide, knowing well how to sift its value, and had he devoted himself to this, or at least reserved a distinct portion of his book exclusively for it, he would in our opinion have greatly enhanced its value.

The work is copiously illustrated, in a style which does great credit to the publishers; in particular may be noticed the frontispiece, in colour, representing the altar of the shrine, and the famous image which surmounts it. We are, however, disposed to complain a little on the ground of excess in this direction. It somewhat suggests "padding" when we find engravings of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier introduced on the ground that they once visited Loreto, and still less to our liking are the portraits of some living members of the clerical staff who happen at the present moment to be stationed there.

5.—THE WATCHES OF THE PASSION.¹

In the January number of *THE MONTH* we devoted some considerable space to a review of Father Gallwey's important work, which had then but recently been published, entitled the *Watches of the Passion*. Since then the first issue, consisting of fifteen hundred copies, has all been sold out, and a second

¹ *The Watches of the Passion, with Before and After.* By Father P. Gallwey, S.J. 2 vols. London: Art and Book Company, 1895.

edition has appeared, five hundred copies of which, we understand, have been disposed of within the first week of publication. The new edition is in several respects an improvement on the first. The work is now bound in two instead of three volumes, an Index and one or two illustrations have been added, the text has been read through again with a view to the correction of some slight typographical errors, and the author has written a new Preface dealing somewhat more fully than he was able to do in the body of the work with the objections raised against the traditional site of Calvary. It may be well to mention also that in the present issue the distinction of price which formerly existed between the copies printed on thinner and those on thicker paper has been abolished. The paper is now uniformly excellent, and all the copies contain the illustrations and maps. We expressed our appreciation of this great work very fully last January, and we see nothing to alter in what we then said of it. The *Watches of the Passion*, it must be remembered, is not a work of history or archæology, but of devotion, and, without denying or affirming their truth, Father Gallwey has not scrupled to avail himself of apocryphal writings and oral traditions which might aid the pious contemplations of his readers. In conclusion, we can only congratulate the venerable author that this labour of love which has occupied him so many years has met with that recognition, proved by its rapid sale, which the merits of the work deserve.

6.—A MEMOIR OF FATHER DIGNAM.¹

Though this is a book written for and dedicated to certain of Father Dignam's friends, no lover of religious biography will fail to find in it much that will impress, please, and edify. Father Dignam is best known to his co-religionists by his activity and success in organizing the large and influential confraternity called the "Apostleship of Prayer." The sixth chapter gives an account of this work; the other eight describe his life and death, his vocation, priesthood, the assistance he gave to the foundation of "the Poor Servants of the Mother of God," his letters of "spiritual direction," and correspon-

¹ *A Memoir of Father Dignam, of the Society of Jesus, with some of his Letters.* Revised and with a Preface by Father E. I. Purbrick, S.J. Printed for the Convent, Brentford, 1895. 472 pp.

dence with religious communities. The number of these letters would have been disproportionate to a more general view of Father Dignam's life; but considering the purposes of the compilers, the selection can not only not be objected to, but must be considered the chief merit of the publication. Some of these letters are not without literary excellence, as the description of a priest's life in a northern manufacturing town. (p. 202.) That they should all possess this charm, however, is, as Father Purbrick states in a very judicious Preface, "hardly to be expected in the letters of one who wrote generally under pressure and in the midst of interruptions." They manifest the great powers of sympathy and kindliness of their writer, his complete devotion to his vocation, and his deep religious feelings ever moderated by sense and sobriety. The lessons which this life sets before us are of a sort which never grow out of date, and they are marked with a simplicity so entirely devoid of artifice, that they can hardly fail to do good.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

St. Peter, his Name and his Office, by T. W. Allies, K.S.G.¹

In the Preface to its re-issue of this admirable book, Father Luke Rivington, on behalf of the Catholic Truth Society, acknowledges its indebtedness to Mr. Allies for permitting the republication. A like debt is due to the Society itself from the Catholic public, for placing within their reach in so convenient and readable a form, a work in which the fundamental question at issue between us and our separated brethren is treated with the accuracy of a theologian and the grace of an accomplished writer. So wide is the field of investigation, so abundant the materials, for the vindication of the Petrine claims, that it is scarcely possible in any one book which can aspire to be generally read, to do more than investigate some particular branch of the subject. This has been recently done, for the Patristic evidence, by Father Rivington himself, as well as others. The Scriptural argument had already been treated by Mr. Allies in a manner leaving nothing to be desired, but his treatise forming as it did a larger work, was for that reason precluded from obtaining such a circulation as it deserved, and had in fact become difficult to obtain. Now that it is to be had by itself, at a moderate cost, it should be widely disseminated, and render much service to the cause of truth.

Besides his Preface to the above work, Father Rivington has given us, also through the medium of the Catholic Truth Society, another of his invaluable contributions to the controversy which at the present moment seems well-nigh to absorb all others.² In this he deals with various misrepresentations and assumptions by which the true issue at stake between England

¹ *St. Peter, his Name and his Office*. By T. W. Allies, K.S.G. With a Preface by the Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A. London: Catholic Truth Society, 1895. 332 pp. Half-a-crown.

² *Anglican Fallacies; or, Lord Halifax on Reunion*. By the Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A. London: Catholic Truth Society. 114 pp. Eightpence.

and Rome has been obscured ; such as the supposed change of front of the latter under Leo XIII. towards Anglicanism ; the anti-Papal principles and national independence of the pre-Reformation Church in England ; and the absence of any overt act of schism in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the breach which followed having been wholly ascribed to the Bull of Excommunication issued by Pius V. in 1570. After this are considered the prospects of Reunion as they now appear, which are illustrated by a sketch of former negotiations with a like object, in the seventeenth century. Two important elements in the question, the recognition of Anglican Orders, and the alleged novelty of the Vatican Decree concerning Infallibility, are likewise examined. We need hardly add that these various points are treated with the solidity and fair-mindedness to which Father Rivington has accustomed us, and that his little book should be made known as extensively as possible, to those for whose benefit it has chiefly been produced.

The Rev. Father Venance, O.S.F., seems to have a considerable turn for dramatic composition, and he is bold enough to cope with all the difficulties of our language, alike in prose dialogue, and in incidental lyrics. *The Last Day of Pagan Rome*¹ was written for boys, and we know that boys like plenty of sensation, but by their elders, the episodes of this drama will be thought perhaps a little too startling. It is as sanguinary as *Titus Andronicus*.

Of the *Memoir of Mother Rose Columba (Adams)*² we have spoken elsewhere at some length. We only refer to it here to thank Bishop Brownlow for his share in bringing the Life of this holy Religious to our notice, and to commend the portrait which is prefixed to it. If we may venture on a criticism, the rather heterogeneous materials which have been incorporated into the body of the volume, seem to us to make the narrative read a little unevenly.

*A Modern Galahad*³ This is an excellent story in which a large amount of instruction and edification is skilfully conveyed. The hero is a young man, pure in spirit and devotedly seeking God's service, who thinking that he has found a vent

¹ *The Last Day of Pagan Rome*. A Drama in Three Acts. By the Rev. F. Venance, O.S.F. London : R. Washbourne, 1895.

² *Memoir of Mother Rose Columba (Adams), O.P.* By the Right Rev. W. R. Brownlow, M.A., D.D., Bishop of Clifton. London : Burns and Oates, 1895.

³ *A Modern Galahad*. By A. M. Grange. London : Catholic Truth Society, 1895. 264 pp. Eighteenpence.

for the zeal which devours him, in lay-work as a High Churchman, is gradually drawn on by grace, through many struggles and much mental agony, to the true fold, whither he finds himself accompanied by some of those across whom he was brought in the various stages of his journey. Brightly written, with crisp and clever descriptions of scenes and persons, and with a happy but carefully subdued sense of humour, the tale may be warmly recommended.

In his little tract, *Mr. Collette as a Controversialist*,¹ Mr. Lewis once more puts in the pillory the egregious individual on whose championship, to their shame be it said, the Protestant Alliance are accustomed to rely. Utterly unscrupulous, and if possible still more hopelessly ignorant, incapable of writing correct English, and having no conception of what is meant by an argument, Mr. Collette holds a standing brief for the society which professes as its object the instruction of the people in Gospel truth. His latest performance, exposed by Mr. Lewis though not more gross than a hundred others, should be sufficient for ever to exclude him from the realms of any literature claiming to be respectable. There is a well-known lampoon, too extravagant to be called a forgery, for it cannot have been intended to deceive, but only to insult, in which a certain trio of Bishops are represented as giving the Pope ridiculous and contemptuous advice on various points of doctrine and discipline. Amongst other things he is recommended to suppress the Bible. This particular injunction, falling in as it does so thoroughly with Protestant prejudices, may possibly appear credible when taken alone. It would be otherwise were it read alongside of other articles from the same source, as for instance, that at ordination priests should have their faces rubbed over with oil as well as their hands, since we cannot have too much of a good thing. Consequently the telling passage, carefully separated from its context, is a favourable weapon in the Protestant armoury, and though the true nature of the document has been clearly shown by Father Bridgett, the Alliance was not above giving it a fresh vogue in one of its recent publications. Challenged, through Mr. Lewis' agency, to substantiate the authenticity of so important a quotation, it summoned Mr. Collette to its aid, who of course conducted

¹ *Mr. Collette as a Controversialist, or, "The Letter of the three Bishops."* By F. W. Lewis, Hon. Sec. St. Teilo's Society. London: Catholic Truth Society. One penny.

his operations in the time-honoured fashion. It would be incredible, were it not the fact, that his defence should rest entirely on the plea, that a book containing the libel is found in the "Imperial Library at Paris," as well as in the British Museum, that France is a Catholic country, and that until the Paris authorities withdraw the document and expunge it from their catalogue, they must be taken to guarantee its truth. A more absurd and dishonest argument was never fabricated. On the same principle, the British Museum authorities must be held to sanction every jot and tittle of Catholic doctrine, since the whole *corpus* of our theology, and all Bulls of the Popes, are found in their collection. Yet this was absolutely all that Mr. Collette had to offer, beyond the naively characteristic observation, that even if not actually correct, the citation was *ben trovato*, in view of Rome's "fear of a fair and open reading of the Bible." It is not even possible to suppose that he can certify at first hand to the notable fact of the presence of the book in question on the shelves of the two great libraries, which make it their object to include all works ever published. Certainly he would be a clever man who could discover it by the aid of the cabalistic reference supplied to Mr. Lewis' inquiring friend by Mr. Collette's ally, the Editor of *The Monthly Letter*. "Imperial Library at Paris, folio B, n. 1038, vol. ii. pp. 641—650; also British Museum, 7, c. 10, 11, Fasciculus Rerum, London, 1690, folio."

The Protestant Alliance, too, has since issued a new edition of its pamphlet, without any comment whatever on the passage in question.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Articles in recent numbers :

The CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (September 7, 1895.)

Catholics and Democracy. The Pelasgic Hittites in the Ægean. The *Rassegna Nazionale* and the *Civiltà*. The German College. Ricordo Materno (a Tale). Reviews. Bibliography. Chronicle.

— (September 21, 1895.)

The Encyclical of September 5 (text). The Civic Festival of September 20. The Struggle for Existence in Italy. The Trappists. Ricordo Materno (a Tale). Reviews. Archæological Bulletin. Chronicle.

The ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES. (September 15, 1895.)

The Jewish Question in Ancient Times. *Father Durand, S.J.*
 The Aristocracy of Intellect. *Father Cornut, S.J.* The
 Story of a Will. *Father Prélôt, S.J.* The Missions of
 Central Oceania. IV. *Father Lionnet, S.J.* Bulletin of
 Scripture. *Father Brucker, S.J.* Miscellanies and
 Reviews. Chronicle.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA-LAACH. (September, 1895.)

The Cathedral of Florence. *Father Meschler, S.J.* Structural
 Chemistry and "Stereo-Chemistry." *Father Kemp, S.J.*
 Austrian Music, Old and New. *Father Schmid, S.J.*
 Persian Traditions. *Father Baumgartner, S.J.* Reviews,
 Notices of Books, Miscellany.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (September.)

Cesare Cantu. *Count Joseph Grabinski.* Historical Value of
 the Acts of the Apostles. *E. Jacquier.* The Inner Life
 of the Blessed Colombini of Siena. *F. Vernet.* M. Émile
 Pouvillon. *Abbé Delfour.* Victor Hugo from 1852 to
 his death. *A. Charaux.* Unprinted Notes of Bossuet on
 the Pentateuch. *O. Rey.* Philology of the French Dialects.
A. Lepître. Reviews, &c.

LA QUINZAINE. (September 1 and 15.)

* The French in Belgium (1795—1814). *G. de Grandmaison.*
 The Future of Scholastic Philosophy. *H. Gayraud.*
 Recollections of the Campaign in Tunis. *Colonel Belin.*
 The Confessions of a Revolutionist. *F. Engerand.* Poets
 and their Poems. *G. Fonsegrive.* French Rights in
 Madagascar. *M. Schilt.* The Conquest (a Novel).
R. Saint-Maurice. Death of the Countess of Alençon.
Comte de Mas Latrie. The Psychology of the Saints.
H. Joly. Mgr. Gouzot, Archbishop of Auch. *H. Lasserre.*
 Reviews, Music, &c.

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (September.)

An Essay in Self-Criticism. *Dom G. Morin.* The Venerable
 John Roberts, O.S.B. *Dom B. Camm.* From Beuron to
 Sigmaringen. *Dom L. Janssens.* Benedictine Chronicle,
 Obituary, &c.

